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Events of the Week.

LORD BIRKENHEAD has evidently been rallied to Mr. Lloyd George’s quarters in the Coalitionist camp. That is the meaning of the speech he has just made to the “New Members’ Coalition Group,” one of the numerous bodies into which the Coalition army is divided. For the present the combination holds. But it is clear that Mr. George has bought himself back to the command at a price. For instance, he has agreed to a practical restoration of the veto of the Lords. In the future, the power of defining a financial Bill is to be taken from the Speaker and given over to a Joint Committee of Lords and Commons. That is a direct and serious attack on the power of the Lower House, and the Commons, we think, will fight it. Further, the number of the hereditary peers is to be cut down—i.e., the House of Lords is to be strengthened, and, if possible, popularized at the Commons’ expense. This is a virtual repeal of the Parliament Act. The other two fighting issues are to be Economy and “Down with the Labor Party.” The Geddes Report is to be emasculated a little in the Cabinet, and then thrown at the heads of the electorate; while the character of the Labor Party is tarred with Communism and its policy identified with the “Poplar scale.” This is the strategy of the class war. A pretty contribution to the pacification of Europe, and the rescue of England from the bankruptcy of Coalition extravagance and the mess of Coalition statesmanship!

MEANWHILE, Lord Birkenhead has saved his opponents the trouble of answering his attack by providing its rejoinder. This is his summary of the state of Europe and the country after four years of Coalitionist administration:—

“Let me in a few candid sentences tell you exactly where we stand to-day. Europe is still prostrate and stricken. There is no prospect of the resumption of healthy and normal trade with vast areas, and yet without the certainty of that resumption there is no hope for British labor, employment, and finance. We find ourselves to-day with the spectre of two million unemployed in our streets, the overwhelming majority of whom are law-abiding and decent citizens. We find ourselves at this moment under the vague movements of unrest which are collateral by-products of the war. We find ourselves confronted by formidable movements alike in Egypt and India. It is not inconceivable that in either of those two countries we may have to prove

once again that the British Empire retains the hard fibre which brought it to that Empire.”

We shall expect to meet this useful compendium of folly on a good number of the electoral hoardings of 1922.

* * *

MONDAY will be a critical day for the Irish Free State, for that is the date fixed for the assembly of the Sinn Fein Convention. It is not easy to judge from the reports in the Irish papers how the clubs are voting, but it is evident that there will be at the base at least a serious minority against the Treaty. Englishmen are bewildered by this apparent discrepancy between the verdicts of the Sinn Fein Clubs and those of the Sinn Fein County Councils. Meanwhile, the Provisional Government is hard at work. A Committee, of which Mr. Darrell Figgis is acting chairman, has been formed to draft a constitution, and a chief has been approved for the Education Department. Further conversation was in progress between Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig, and the two Governments are acting together in the case of the railway difficulty. There is a good deal of sporadic disorder in the country. The “Star” reports an incident which may lead to the discovery of the murderer of Mr. O’Callaghan. A presentation gold watch belonging to the murdered man was apparently sold for £10 by a cadet in the Auxiliary Force. If the Prime Minister had agreed to a judicial inquiry into the Limerick murders, Limerick would not be voting against the Treaty to-day.

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THE Washington Conference is nearing its end, and is expected to hold its last public sitting to-day. There is much better news about some of the Chinese questions. The Shantung compromise, if it comes up to the forecasts, may really mean the liberation of the province from Japanese military occupation. The Japanese will, however, appoint the traffic manager and accountant of its railway, which may mean it will continue to be the instrument of their economic penetration. The Twenty-One Points are not exactly abandoned, but some of them are contradicted by other undertakings and others are withdrawn. What Japan obstinately retains is her status in Manchuria and her occupation of Eastern Siberia. To be sure she promises to withdraw some day, as we did from Egypt. That is the worst failure of the Conference, for apart from the continual cruelty and wrong which it involves to the Russian inhabitants to-day, and the use to which it is put as a base for “White” invasions, it certainly means one day another Russo-Japanese war, whenever Russia is strong enough to fight for her rights. The minerals here and in the Northern half of Sakhalin are of great value, and the Japanese have quietly seized them. For the rest the Conference has referred the revision of the laws of war to a commission of jurists. In that piece of work we feel no interest. A law-abiding war is a contradiction in terms.

* * *

An official communication about Egypt prepares the way for a reopening of the question. It talked of “independence” and the abolition of the “protectorate.” There is nothing new in that. On the main point, the continuance of the military occupation, especially in Cairo and Alexandria, it was silent. That was the point at which negotiations with Adly Pasha

broke down, and unless the Government is ready to yield here, it is useless to resume them. But it may be ready, for various statements in the Press inform us that Lord Curzon was not really in agreement with the policy which the Cabinet imposed upon him. The "Cabinet" in this connection means presumably Mr. Churchill. Meanwhile, fresh efforts have been made to induce Sarwat Pasha to accept the Premiership. He makes conditions, chiefly the abolition of martial law, the gradual withdrawal of advisers, and the creation of a representative constitutional régime. As we understand him, we think he means that the election of an Assembly is to precede any further negotiations on the final status of Egypt. That, and the military guarantees, may be a sound idea. But it is doubtful if Sarwat Pasha would be acceptable to the mass of the people, which undoubtedly believes in Zaghloul Pasha. His followers suggest as an acceptable spokesman for Egypt, Masloum Pasha, President of the old Legislative Assembly. Lord Allenby has been recalled for consultation to London. He should not return to his post, for he (with Mr. Churchill, the new leader of "National" Liberalism) has been the personality behind the whole policy of military repression. But not much progress will be made till we bring back Zaghloul Pasha from exile.

THERE is every reason to believe that Austria has been successful in her application to the British Treasury for a loan of £2,500,000. The need for this help is, of course, created by the delay of the United States, Italy, and some other creditor Powers in renouncing for twenty years their liens on Austria's assets under the Peace Treaty. Till those assets are freed, Austria cannot raise under the League of Nations scheme the loan which she has been awaiting for a year. The delay has resulted in the nearly total devaluation of her currency. For the moment, the heroic remedies which the League induced her to adopt have only aggravated her case. The cessation of the bread subsidy has caused a fantastic rise of prices. Demands for wages follow, including the salaries of State employees. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the State will gain more by dropping the subsidy than it loses in wages and doles. For the result of the rise in wages is that employers are dismissing hands, who must receive unemployed allowances. Trade, which had begun to flourish on the subsidy to wages (for that is what the bread subsidy was in effect), is now falling off, and the profiteers are migrating to Prague. We hope Sir William Goode is right in thinking that the loan is more than a momentary alleviation, but certainly it could not be refused. Austria lives on hope, and now pathetically looks to Genoa.

DR. RATHENAU has at last agreed to rejoin Dr. Wirth's Cabinet, this time with the much more important office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. His decision is a good omen, not merely because he is a man of high ability and progressive ideas, but also because we may infer that he now sees some prospect of guiding Germany's affairs with a chance of success. Great efforts have been made to meet Allied criticisms on German finances. Customs are to be levied on a gold basis. The Social Democrats have carried their proposal for a forced internal loan of £50,000,000 (gold), which bears no interest for three years. In return for this they have agreed to some new indirect taxes. The tax on coal is raised to 40 per cent. On paper, the domestic budget

will more than balance, but everything is contingent on the stability of the mark. No budget will balance if the monetary unit loses half or more of its value in the interval between assessing incomes and collecting taxes. Moreover, the gradual dropping of the bread subsidy will have, in Germany on a smaller scale, the same consequences as in Austria. The price of bread will rise 75 per cent. this month. Wages, salaries, and doles will increase, while trade and employment will decline.

THE German Note to the Reparation Commission is really a very skilful exposure of the impossibility of the indemnity. The new taxation not only reaches the limit of any possible burden on income: it obviously can be met only out of capital. That anything at all can be paid seems impossible, if the statement is accurate that Germany's external trade shows an adverse balance for last year of £100,000,000. Mr. McKenna made this clear in his powerful analysis of the problem of reparations. The amount available on the budget figures for any indemnity is the estimated surplus of £20,000,000, which is, of course, a purely speculative figure. Dr. Wirth's Government has nothing further to offer but one form or another of borrowing. The final passages of the Note suggest rather vaguely that Germany's credit can be restored and the indemnity paid only if she is assisted by a great international loan. That is also the argument of the "Temps." But is any loan conceivable for a debtor whose obligations so manifestly exceed her capacity to pay? Can any of the stringent proposals for checking the flight of capital alter the central fact that Germany is producing no surplus of exportable commodities in which to pay? Genoa may talk of a loan. But will anyone lend until the indemnity itself is scaled down?

LORD GREY's speech at Edinburgh carries somewhat further the definition of his views on foreign policy. It is a rather slow process of thinking aloud, and, though we have read the nearly verbatim reports in the "Times" of all his speeches, we do not yet feel that we have completely mastered his point of view. For some years he has been hibernating, like one of his own squirrels. He has come out again in a very lively, and even playful, state of mind, but we do not feel that his movements in the changed scene are as yet quite sure. We welcome his explanation that the Bristol speech did not imply that he is opposed to the "restoration" of Russia. We took him to mean that he would leave her severely alone. That, apparently, is not so. Again, after making a strong complaint that the League of Nations was ignored in calling the Genoa Conference, he has now learned that there was a reason for this course. America will have nothing to do with the League. So he goes on adjusting himself to facts. But we still fail to understand his attitude to Conferences. He likes some of them, but not others. He called one notable Conference himself, and the League, in which he believes, is a continual Conference. Then why object to Genoa?

WHAT really puzzles us in these many attempts to explain a point of view is that we catch no guiding idea, unless it be close co-operation and alliance with France. A statesman to-day can define his position only in relation to the Versailles settlement. Is Lord Grey for it or against it in its general lines? He does not tell us. Has

he any view on the indemnity? He does not tell us. Mr. Asquith has more than once said quite clearly and forcibly that he agrees with Mr. Keynes. Where does Lord Grey stand? All his criticisms are technical and concern the method of diplomacy. He is sometimes for Conferences and sometimes not. He is all for smooth talks with Ambassadors. He is against secret treaties in peace, but for them in war. All this, even if it were clear, which it is not, tells us nothing whatever of the policy which Lord Grey would follow, sometimes by Conferences, but oftener by quiet talks. We want to know what he would say in those quiet talks. The only guide he gives us is that he would collaborate with France. Now that is far from reassuring. We know what France wants. Apparently Lord Grey sees a basis of agreement there. It all sounds as though he had not as yet applied his mind to after-war politics. When he does, he must realize that the world's problem is primarily economic.

* * *

WE are sorry to see such a scale of relief for the unemployed as that announced last week by the Poplar Board of Guardians. It is indefensible and impracticable. It is bad policy, and its authors were quickly made aware that it could not possibly be applied. They proposed to allow 40s. a week for man and wife, 6s. for each child, rent up to 15s., and a hundredweight of coal. All thought of the finance of the borough seems to have been ignored until the Guardians were reminded by their own officials that the Board was heavily in debt and without funds. The declaration of Sir Alfred Mond that the new scale would be unlawful made it clear that no further advance by the bank could be looked for. The whole affair, of course, is a joyful business for Labor's opponents in the coming L.C.C. (and general) election, but much the most effective indictment of the folly of the Guardians is contained in a letter in Wednesday's "Daily Herald" from Mr. A. J. Bamford, the secretary of the Bermondsey Trades Council and Labor Party.

* * *

MR. BAMFORD showed that the Poplar Guardians proposed to give as much as £4 4s. a week to a man entirely unemployed, while the wage for men employed by the same authority on relief work had been limited to the Joint Industrial Council scale of £3 12s. 11d. He stated that the maximum scale was much higher than the average employed man's wage, which is £3 5s. in Bermondsey, and fixes the limit of relief in that borough. Common humanity demands that the unemployed shall be kept from destitution. But what sense lies in driving Local Government to bankruptcy by granting as relief a sum more than twice as much as the wage received by scores of thousands of colliery workers for a full week's toil in the pits? What the "Herald," in a characteristically impulsive comment, described as "Poplar's example to the country," Mr. Bamford condemned as a "very bad example." He added a timely warning of the effect of creating for the reactionaries "just the right kind of atmosphere in which to launch a very effective condemnation of Labor's financial administration." The worst disservice is to divert men's minds from the failure of the Government's policy on unemployment.

* * *

THE India Office has issued the report of the committee which inquired into the deaths of sixty-four Moplah prisoners in a railway van last November. Its

whitewash is so thin that it merely adds repulsiveness to the scandal it would disguise. Native India, if it were in the mood to be reasonable as well as indignant, would recognize in the tragedy and the report upon it merely the marks of that administrative intelligence which did to death in a similar way English soldiers during the war. But native India is fixed in an hypnotic sense of martyrdom, and those sixty-four Moplahs will act for Gandhi as Joan of Arc did for France. The report might have been frank. Instead, it is tortuous and silly. It admits the men were suffocated because they were put in a van insufficiently ventilated. It confesses that the van's ventilation windows of gauze had been rendered useless as ventilators through paint. The sixty-four prisoners, on a long tropical journey, *were in one van*. Yet the use of such a van for so many prisoners "was not objectionable, and implied no inhumanity to prisoners." It merely implied death. The report blames the railway company for careless inspection; and a police sergeant for failing to note the condition of the prisoners during the journey.

* * *

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON died suddenly of heart disease while his storm-beaten ship was off the Island of South Georgia, that is to say on the borderland of the South Polar regions. The last page of his diary, published in the "Times," records that the "old familiar smell of whale" was everywhere round him. A single star, he added, lighted the sky. Shackleton was of a glorious company; and not its least glorious member, for he had great literary qualities, added to his gallantry and skill in organization. The expedition goes on under Mr. Frank Wild, the second in command.

* * *

By the death of William Charles Braithwaite (of Banbury) the English Society of Friends loses one who was, perhaps, its most outstanding personality. Wide-hearted and wide-minded, wise and genial, he had a noteworthy gift of statesmanship, which might have led him to very different service had he not devoted himself so completely to the tasks he made his own. He played a large part in building up the great Adult School movement, of the National Council of which he was for many years the Chairman, and gave himself without stint to the work of the Society of Friends, taking a lead in developing the religious education of its members and in all the problems involved in the readjustment of Quaker life and thought to modern conditions. Trained as a conveyancing barrister, he became a member of a firm of bankers, and was, like Seeborn and Hodgkin, a scholar and a historian. But his historical research was the fruit of a life generously spent in other ways in the service of his fellows. His two great historical volumes ("The Beginnings of Quakerism" and "The Second Period of Quakerism") are a rich contribution to the history of mystical religion, based on a broad foundation of original research into material hitherto unused. He wrote with insight and rare impartiality, and a fire burns in his pages kindled by a faith as wide-hearted and inspiring as it was deep and strong. Less than a month before his death the University of Marburg paid a tribute to his scholarship by conferring on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Theology, this being the first honorary diploma given to an Englishman by any German University since the outbreak of the war.

Politics and Affairs.

NANSEN'S APPEAL.

MANY of those who saw the photographs of the Russian Famine which Dr. Nansen showed at the Queen's Hall, must have had the feeling that they were looking at something so incredible and monstrous that it seemed impossible to regard it as contemporary fact. Save for an occasional view of a railway, one might have been looking at the Muscovy of Ivan the Terrible. The peasant life, the costumes, the village architecture, have scarcely changed in the centuries. Had this famine occurred then, some dim rumor of it, belated by a year or more, might have reached the West. No one would and no one could have helped. To-day the resources of our material civilization bring the scene before us, and actual contact with these skeleton children and ghastly corpses could hardly present it more vividly to our senses. There lies the hideous anomaly. We can communicate with the Volga Valley in a few hours. We can travel to it in a few days. We can in London see what the sun recorded on the sensitive film before the month is out. The world's harvests can be borne by sea and rail from the ends of the earth to these agonizing villages. What we lack is no longer the senses to see with, or the hands to help, but the will and the organization to make our help effective. Civilization has evolved its all-seeing eyes and surpassed the seven-league boots of the fairy tale, but while perceptions and muscles have developed its moral endowment has undergone no parallel growth.

For the fact which we have now to face is that TEN MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS, THOSE VERY FELLOW-CREATURES WHOM WE HAVE SEEN ACTUALLY WALKING BEFORE US ACROSS THE SCREEN, ARE DOOMED BY THE INACTION OF GOVERNMENTS TO PERISH. A great network of organizations, official and semi-official, bears witness to the general feeling that if a child were starved or a horse ill-treated in our streets, the responsibility would lie at our door, if we should tolerate the cruelty or the neglect. Our view sweeps now far beyond our own streets, but the work of rescue and prevention lags behind. The League of Nations ought to have undertaken the work which Dr. Nansen has assumed. It is not ready or ripe for its responsibilities. But unless, even now, late though it be, we can so work upon our Government that it will give effective aid, this famine will stand in history as a monument to the breakdown of Christianity and civilization. The war, it may be said, is already condemnation enough. A condemnation it is, indeed, of the old-world systems of nationalism and the balance of power, of armaments and competing Empires. It is the new era of internationalism, the "democracy" which we should have made safe, which is now on its trial and in danger of sentence. For four years we have tried to make it safe with frontiers and constitutions, treaties and sanctions. And now it is perishing for lack of some shiploads of rye.

It implies no ingratitude to Dr. Nansen, to his devoted helpers of all nations, or to the many in every land who have given generously, that we should face the fact that private effort has broken down. The famine has defeated charity, and the defeat is becoming a rout. That, indeed, is exactly what Dr. Nansen himself predicted. Last September he made his appeal through the Assembly of the League to the European Governments. With a meanness and callousness which will be the wonder of ages to come, the Brussels Conference rejected his appeal. We will not pause to recall its miserable pretexts and excuses. In a sense, our own Government recognized its responsibility. The Prime

Minister made an eloquent and moving speech, but its practical outcome was the gift of £100,000 worth of unsaleable stores. Since then America has set us an example. In no country is the horror of Bolshevism stronger. Even now, there is no beginning of official or even of commercial intercourse between the States and Soviet Russia. Yet Congress has voted twenty million dollars, about £5,000,000, for the relief of the famine. Our own wealth is not comparable to America's; our embarrassments are vastly greater, and our weight of debt less manageable. But even so, the contrast between her £5,000,000 and our £100,000 is pitiable and humiliating.

It may be said that a perfectly proper and yet self-regarding motive influenced Congress. This gift to the peasants of the Volga is also a relief to the farmers of the Middle West, whose unmarketable harvest was actually being used as fuel in the electric power-stations. This credit, in short, will be spent in the United States. We, on the other hand, if we expend our funds to the best advantage, must buy our rye in Poland or our maize in Roumania. But the contrast is only apparent and superficial. We cannot buy Polish rye without exporting British goods to pay for it. If it were to be a condition of a grant to the Relief Funds from the British Exchequer that the money should all be expended in the purchase of British goods, the transaction would present no difficulty. Our coal and textiles and hardware can with ease be exchanged for grain in Eastern Europe. So far from wronging our own unemployed or injuring trade, the relief of the famine would actually stimulate employment.

We must wait, it may be said, for the Genoa Conference. We do not undervalue its promise. If it brings the Russian people and Government once more within the recognized circle of civilized States, it will justify the initiative which called it together. In one way or another, whether by a big loan for purposes of reconstruction, or by the creation of an International Trading Corporation, it will bring the capital of the West to the help of Russia. The larger and more permanent work of restoration is, in one sense, vastly more important than famine relief. It will end the semi-famine in which all the Russian towns have lived for years. It will begin to restore the productivity of the fields by providing machinery and tools. It will revive the circulation of the numbed body by repairing its railway system. Even to the famine-stricken provinces it may bring direct help in the last difficult months before the harvest, for if it attains anything at all, it will open the European money market to the Russian Government. But nothing immediate can be expected from it, and none of its good gifts will, at the best, reach Russia before May or June. In the intervening months, if private effort is left unaided, it is certain that millions will perish. Even when the full American help is available, there will still be ten of these nineteen starving millions who will be entirely uncared for. In a month or two most of them will have met their painful and lingering deaths, while those who may survive will be so ruined in body and mind that they will hardly be worth saving. There are several ways in which the help might be given, either as a loan to Russia, or as a direct grant to the British relief societies. We rejoice that Austria is to receive the loan of £2,500,000 for which she has applied. She is the victim of Versailles. Her long-drawn miseries were directly caused by the follies of the peace settlement. Her precious culture, her unique gifts of genius and taste, are of inestimable value to European civilization. Yet there is no comparison between the two needs. Vienna is in want, anxious, underfed, ill-clad, and on the verge of total and irreparable bankruptcy, but her

population is not literally starving; the peril before her is not complete depopulation. Strong and unanswerable as her case is, the Volga famine makes an appeal even more direct, elementary, and irresistible.

The alternative must be faced. If these ten million adult Russian peasants die, the Volga region will become a desert populated by orphans. It will remain a desert for a decade or a generation until these orphans of the famine are old enough to repeople it and to tame its abandoned prairies. Europe is not rich enough to dispense with ten million producers of grain and raw materials. If what is, in years of normal rainfall, one of the richest regions of Russia becomes a yawning gulf in its economic system, not only will the recovery of Russia be hampered and delayed, but all Europe will suffer with her. Some may say that we cannot afford to help. We would answer with Dr. Nansen that we are not rich enough to afford this criminal waste. We have witnessed the perpetration of every species of folly and crime by Western statesmanship against Russia. It killed her liberal revolution by misunderstanding and neglect. It then invaded her, blockaded her, and subsidized the civil war which ravaged the Volga Valley and laid it waste even before the famine came. It refused last September to aid, when prompt help would have prevented these ghastly and now irremediable tragedies. It has destroyed more lives by that one decision than Russia lost in the Great War. It has unchained pestilence in the train of hunger. Will it turn at last in its inhuman sequence of stumblings and cruelties? There is no day to lose, for help will be in vain if it is delayed another month. While politicians confer we conjure our readers to give. It matters little whether they choose to send their gifts to the treasurer of the "Russian Famine Relief Fund" (General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.), or of the "Save the Children Fund" (42, Langham Street, W.), or of the Friends' Emergency Committee (27, Chancery Lane, W.C.). All of them are doing noble and capable work, in loyal co-operation with one another, under Dr. Nansen's inspiring leadership. No words can express our gratitude to this great man, whose youth of daring adventure is now crowned by the highest service that a strong spirit can render to his kind. But one thing is more important even than giving. It is the duty of making a public opinion which will compel our Government itself to give, adequately and at once.

THE THREAT TO THE TEACHER.

THE war, like all revolutions, offered mankind some trifling compensation for the infinite miseries it inflicted because the violence that almost shook the life out of our civilization shook it free for the time from some of its grosser falsehoods. If we wanted to describe the conduct of our rulers since the Peace in a single phrase, we might say that they had spent these decisive years in restoring those falsehoods to power. War, said Thucydides, is a harsh schoolmaster. This is true at the best, but our is the melancholy lot of those who suffer his discipline and yet do not learn his lessons. Of all the beneficent revolutions that seemed possible during the war when the nation began to think about its youth with a new anxiety and something like remorse, none affected our national life so profoundly as the revolution we expected in education. It looked as if we were going as a people to accept the idea that the children of Englishmen had some right to be brought up to the enjoyment of the spiritual inheritance of civilized men. To-day reaction is in full sway.

A committee of business men, living in the perspective of the industrial revolution, regarding the power of the mind as merely an instrument in great mechanical organization for the production of wealth, is invited to declare what should be the place of education in the estimation of the State. The old philosophy is everywhere reasserting itself. The child is important in this view not because he is a human being with human faculties who will be to-morrow a citizen of a great nation with wide responsibility and power. He is important as a wage-earner to-day who will be a wage-earner to-morrow. We are reminded, as we read the comments of some of the newspapers on the Geddes cut, of the famous though legendary story told by Michelet about Pitt to the effect that he replied to the manufacturers who said they could not afford to pay both wages and the taxes necessary for the French War, "Take the children." The story is a legend, but it is true that the manufacturers took the children, and that England is still suffering the consequences. During the war, when England required the lives and the limbs of boys who had owed her nothing but a smattering of education and leave to take their chance in the scramble for blind-alley employment, we were all rather ashamed of that spirit. Our natural common sense is now reasserting itself. "What is the good," says Alderman Macarthur when inviting the Cambridge County Council to abolish the Burnham scale, "what is the good of a perfect education to a man who has to carry sacks of corn, or hold a plough, or spread manure, or chop at turnips?" His fellow Councillors were in no doubt about the answer to this conundrum. Any one of them could answer it, as the old saying went, "stans pede in uno." The Burnham scale disappeared before this irresistible logic.

The future of education in England turns more on the treatment of the teacher than on anything else. Learning holds its head much higher in Ireland and in Scotland than in England. An Irishman respects the teacher because he respects learning as one of the spiritual mysteries, and in paying him respect the Irishman acknowledges the claims of a spiritual life. In Scotland the teacher represents an aspect of life that has been invested with importance and authority ever since the days of John Knox. In England all the traditions are the other way. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries put education in its place as the servant of social and industrial power. The prevailing idea of the eighteenth century was that a small class should be educated on the lines proper for a gentleman, and the persons who did the work of education were like a superior type of domestic servant. In the case of the Universities and Public Schools this standard was corrected in the nineteenth century as a result of the Liberal movement that reinvigorated Public School education and set up the Civil Service. But nobody who has had much to do with the management of secondary schools is unaware of the appalling extent to which this spirit survives in the authorities who control the grammar schools, and the scandalous salaries that were paid until a year or two ago in these schools were its natural expression. When we come to primary education the case is still worse. In the early days of the system the village schoolmaster was the parson's drudge, blowing the organ on Sundays, and often waiting at his table on weekdays. In the town the schoolmaster or the schoolmistress was often chosen not because of any capacity for teaching, but because he or she was disabled for work in the mill.

An educational system starting with such beginnings is badly handicapped. All the reforms

of the nineteenth century did not give to the schoolmaster his proper place in the life and system of the community. This was partly due to a system of training which secluded elementary school teachers and shut them up in a narrow and narrowing world. In Scotland the teachers in primary schools have been very largely educated at the Universities; they teach children many of whom will go to the Universities. In England a sharp social distinction in education intensified the differences of class outlook. The teachers in one set of schools were educated at the Universities; in another at special Training Colleges. It is obvious that this arrangement had a good deal to do with the difficulty in providing a common culture on which Mr. Sampson wrote so vigorously in his incisive book. Recent reforms and the expansion of the University system have done something, but not nearly enough, to modify the bad results of this system.

There are countries in which one can imagine the teachers men of poverty, but yet men held in respect, helping to lead and inspire the minds of their neighbors. But such countries are very unlike the England with which we have to deal. We have a solid Philistine prejudice which shows itself not so much in the tone of those Englishmen who think frankly that the function of the teacher is a very unimportant function, as in that of those who show, by the reasons for which they think it important, the essential contempt in which they hold it. The great value of the Burnham policy consisted in its appreciation of the teacher's function. It raised, with the teacher's salary, the whole status of the teacher's office in a country which had acquiesced in the scandalous sweating of teachers, because education was the last thing it took seriously. Of no class in the world is it so true that leisure, the opportunity of travel, and of constant and intimate study of the world of literature and art are vitally necessary if they are to serve the purpose of their lives with any degree of success. Of no occupation in the world is it so true that the sweated man or woman is not worth his or her pay. The right course for the nation after rescuing this service from the disgraceful sweating of the past is to reform the whole system of Training Colleges and to improve as fast as it can the arrangements for educating its teachers. But there is a grave danger that just the opposite course will be adopted, and that this Government will ask the nation to retrace its steps. Mr. Clynes shows in a moving retrospect of his early life what this means to the English poor. The Labor Party in fighting this battle will be fighting more directly and immediately for the central truths of democracy than in any other conflict in which it is engaged, and Liberals throughout the country will defend every tradition for which the world respects their past in combating the view that England has to pay for her adventures in Russia and Mesopotamia, and her tyrannies in Ireland and Egypt, by taking the children. What are the Coalition Liberals going to do?

"BEGIN WITH REPARATIONS!"

IN endeavoring to release ourselves and Europe from the tangled coil of economic troubles in which we have been caught, it is of the utmost importance to know where to begin. The coil has many twisted strands. They are—inflation, the instability of the exchanges, extravagance in arms and doles, the failure to balance budgets, crushing taxation, tariffs and embargoes, unemployment, public indebtedness, and reparations. Now all these troubles evidently interact. They produce what is sometimes wrongly treated as a vicious circle, a conception

which, once admitted, is apt to exercise a paralyzing influence upon the will of politicians. It is politically impossible for a country in the case of Austria or Poland to stop inflation. It is useless to call on Germany or even France to balance her budget on the existing basis of obligations. Reduction of defensive armaments in such a Europe seems impracticable; tariffs appear essential to prevent foreign goods from flooding markets, and so the stabilization of exchanges cannot be effected.

This entanglement, however, is not an endless chain. There is a quite definite point of entrance, an act of policy that is a first condition of remedy. We can only unravel the coil by seizing firmly hold of the reparation end. Practical financiers are clear and virtually unanimous upon this action, as may be seen from the speeches of the chairmen of our banking and insurance companies. The ordinary business man, without grasping the full financial logic, is equally insistent upon the practical policy of stopping the artificial flood of German reparation goods in all the markets of the world. Mr. McKenna, addressing the shareholders of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, declares that "an essential preliminary of the restoration of Europe is to settle the terms of the German indemnity upon a sound economic basis." It may, indeed, be asserted quite frankly that, unless Genoa stands for this, its other discussions will be an utter waste of time.

The priority claimed for the reparation settlement is not merely one of political emergency, critical as that may be, but one of economic rationale. Let the Allies once agree upon a drastic reduction of the terms of the London ultimatum, accompanied by a remission of our claims for pensions and allowances. Let them recognize that at present Germany has not, and cannot attain by any improvement of her taxing system or cancelment of subsidies, any considerable export surplus out of which to make a large payment in gold marks. Let them realize that the provision of material for the repair of the devastated areas, with arrangements for some ascending scale of monetary payments to begin as soon as Germany attains a genuine trade surplus, is the only method consistent with and contributory to the restoration of Europe, and the recovery of the nations stricken with famine or languishing in trade depression.

How will the healing influence of a sound settlement of reparations work upon the other maladies? It will operate in some such way as this. A total payment reduced to something like the Keynes figure, with a moratorium for the monetary portion, would greatly facilitate the process of real restoration in the devastated areas, because on those conditions it should be feasible to float upon the money markets of the world those reparation bonds handed by Germany to the Allied Governments which, in present circumstances, can have no market value. The total cancelment of the unpaid C Bonds and the easing of the terms for the payment of the A and B series are essential to enable France to carry out speedily and advantageously the actual work of repair. In other words, the real value and availability of a greatly reduced sum for reparations would be far larger than belong to figures known to be inflated and impossible. The unreality of her present hopes, and of the false expectations built on them, cannot be to the real advantage of France, while it visibly aggravates the insecurity of the whole European situation.

The next beneficent reaction would be the slowing-down of the artificially stimulated flow of German export goods into all the markets where our goods would normally compete with theirs. This, in itself, would do something for the recovery of our export trade, especially when the stoppage of further German inflation, with its

accompanying reduction of real wages, is taken into account. For so long as Germany is forced to find these large sums in gold marks, she must go on meeting her internal bills by an ever-cheapening money, in order to drive down the costs of labor to a point enabling her to undersell foreigners in their own and neutral markets. Only by thus enabling Germany to stop inflation can she be brought to balance her budget, conserve her sound foreign money for the supply of her own material needs, and cease the costly policy of subsidies by which she has broken the full shock of inflation upon the weaker classes of the nation. The more pacific atmosphere produced by a reparation settlement which won the reasonable acceptance of Germany should immediately react in solid savings upon armaments, in which France and her Continental satellites would be chief beneficiaries. The withdrawal of forces from the occupied areas, a corollary of this new policy, would leave a larger portion of the payments made by Germany available for the real work of restoration, and French statesmen might be enabled to meet their internal obligations without undue recourse to borrowing.

The next reaction of the reparation settlement would be the establishment of freer commerce. This would come through the removal or reduction of the tariffs and export embargoes which every State has thrown up to safeguard its industries against the surging tide of uncontrolled trade. Just in proportion as these barriers are thrown down and trade flows freely from one country to another, can a parity of price-levels be attained. In no other way is that stabilization of the exchanges which we need as the basis of confidence in business life attainable. Only thus can we, or any other country, hope to obtain any substantial relaxation of the burdens of taxation. For only thus can the burden be lightened at both ends by the sensible reduction of expenditure on armaments. Trade once stimulated, rising prices will be reflected in higher money incomes and an automatic lightening of the great fixed charges for interest and pensions which constitute so big a portion of our annual expenditure.

Cut down the indemnity, cancel inter-Allied indebtedness, stop inflation, enable States to pay their way, secure stability of external payments, reduce Governmental waste, and ease taxation. By these means shall we secure a body of conditions favorable to a revival of trade which shall suck up unemployment in every

country. Moreover, we enable peoples and their Governments to concert in common the further plans needed for securing the peace and progress of a world taught at last, and by terrible experience, to realize its unity. For only with the beginnings of economic safety and revival in Western Europe shall we get the frame of mind and the external resources necessary to evoke that larger policy of co-operative credit needed to meet the case of stricken countries such as Austria and Russia, too feeble to respond to the normal economic stimuli. Only by the emergency policy of international credits, furnished on a larger scale than hitherto contemplated, can these sick countries be restored to the world which their sickness must otherwise continue to hamper and perplex.

Until this truly liberal policy, beginning with German reparations and thus carrying its remedial virtue into every other area of trouble, has brought at least the beginning of a general restoration of world-confidence, no monitions to our workers on the sins of *ca' canny*, such as Mr. McKenna appended to his striking analysis of the situation, will have much avail. For *ca' canny*, or the restriction of output, is virtually enforced upon every country in periods of depression. It is practised by Capital far more systematically than by Labor. Organized limitation of output, in order to stop cut-throat competition and enable "reasonable profits" to be earned, is the admitted *modus operandi* of most trade combinations. The world as at present constituted is a chronic discouragement to effective and energetic industry. It furnishes no adequate safeguard for regular and full employment either to Capital or Labor. Neither the worker, nor the consumer, nor the investor can rely on getting out of industry what he has a right to expect, and what the welfare of the community demands for him. It is no time for Capital and Labor to gird at one another, when, to vary the metaphor, they are both in the soup. What is wanted is a spirit and a practice of reasonable conference to see how they can best pull themselves and one another out, and, being out, how far and on what new terms they can pull together for a prosperous future. We are firm friends of Genoa, if it means business. We want Genoa, big or little, scattered over the length and breadth of this and other countries. For, if civilization is to survive, the world must constitute itself a Grand Committee of Public Safety.

TOWARDS AN ECONOMIC REVIVAL.

III.—SALVATION FROM THE TRUSTS.

THE war demonstrated a new and quite unexpected power to modify and control what had hitherto been regarded as the inexorable laws of the economic system. Without revolutionary changes in the political constitution, or the ownership of capital, or the management of factories, the economic system was radically transformed. Instead of working primarily for a multitude of conflicting individual purposes, it was made to function for two predominantly social purposes: first, the prosecution of the war, and secondly, the maintenance of a minimum standard of civilized life for the whole population. So successful was this transformation that, on the whole, the standard of life of the mass of the population in this country was improved, though five million men were taken from industry and thousands of millions of pounds' worth of labor and capital were devoted to non-productive and destructive objects.

WHAT WAR-TIME ADMINISTRATION DID.

The achievements of war-time administration cannot be disposed of by a shrug of the shoulders or a comic cartoon, as is the fashion to-day. They are not disparaged, but rather enhanced, if half the sweeping generalizations that now pass current about the waste, inefficiency, and unpopularity of Government control are to be taken at their face value. What the dispassionate critic is bound to admit is that the production of consumable and capital goods throughout the world surpassed anything ever dreamed of before the war, though tens of millions of the best workers were withdrawn from world production. May not this fact be regarded as in some degree a measure of the appalling waste and misuse of the world's resources which took place under "normal" conditions? The productive power of this country alone was shown to be so vast that with proper organization it might reasonably be expected to produce all the essential

needs of the population and pay for all necessary imports with less than half the work we now devote to this unambitious end, without ever getting any nearer to its accomplishment.

It is sometimes held that this result was achieved by "living on capital." We do not propose to examine the possible senses in which this may be true. It is very doubtful whether the world as a whole is worse off in real capital. The greatest and most irreparable loss is the sacrifice of millions of young lives; the destruction of houses, factories, railways, and the results of past savings is negligible in comparison with the potential productivity which large-scale organization revealed. Nor was there any special virtue in the inflationary methods by which the war was financed. Inflation was merely a grossly unfair form of taxation, which fell on bondholders and persons with fixed incomes with special severity, and conferred disproportionate profits on merchants, speculators, and shareholders. Inflation worked no miracles; on balance it hindered rather than facilitated the collective effort. The contribution of finance was negative rather than positive. The volume of purchasing power was never limited by any such irrelevant consideration as the amount of gold in the world. There was no slump in prices or contraction of the monetary circulation owing to the necessity of safeguarding gold reserves. Purchasing power did not lag behind production; it was always in advance—for the most part excessively in advance. For our present purpose we will not pursue the intricacies of the monetary problem. It is sufficient to lay down the proposition, which now commands growing support, that purchasing power should expand *pari passu* with the volume of trade and production, and should not be limited by a fixed amount of any one commodity, such as gold. More important for the solution of the general economic problem are the means by which purchasing power is distributed so as to regulate consumption, and the methods by which production is regulated so as to adjust the supply to the demand.

THE PROBLEM OF SUPPLY.

The first problem was greatly simplified during the war owing to the fact that a large proportion of the production was required for the Army, and a still further part was taken by the Government for the purpose of rationing the civil population. The total demands were known by the Government. The second problem, that of obtaining the necessary supply, was therefore comparatively simple. By centralized purchase, guaranteed prices, and long-term contracts, production could be so regulated as to ensure the supply required. But to-day conditions are totally different. We are not suggesting that the Governments of the world should feed, clothe, and supply their populations like armies. In a well-organized State-Socialist world the supply of the necessities of life could, no doubt, be adjusted to the demand by requiring so much work to be done to supply them and no more. Everyone would be required to do his share, and when he had done it, would be released from further drudgery, on full pay, until he was called up again. One might even hazard a guess that the provision of a civilized standard of life for all by such methods would take about one-tenth of the man-hours now fitfully devoted to the purpose. But such speculations are beside the mark. The problem before us is how to approximate to this unrealizable Utopia, given the psychology and institutions of a capitalist world.

ENTER THE INTERNATIONAL COMBINE.

If we discard State Socialism as an immediately practicable plan, what remains? The answer is clear.

The instrument of collective planning which is now emerging from the chaos of individualism is the Capitalist Trust. Rather than despair of European civilization, we are impelled to pin our faith to what many regard as the enemy. The world must entrust its economic life to large international combines, if it rejects the international co-operation of Governments. If it distrusts politicians and bureaucrats, it must trust the big industrialists and financiers; for it must trust someone to do this business of collective planning. The danger is that owing to political instability, the indifference of Governments, and the suspicion of workers and consumers, the process of combination and co-ordination will take too long. The discussions at Cannes are the first recognition of the need for a plan; how many months or years will it be before the plan begins to bear fruit?

ITS FIELD OF OPERATIONS.

The field for co-ordinated capitalist enterprise is vast. We shall not attempt to cover the whole ground. Beyond Central Europe there are Russia, Siberia, and China. But the need is as great in the producing countries beyond the seas. Take first the production of foodstuffs and raw materials. Here the urgent need is to check the falling off in production, to stabilize prices, and to regulate distribution. Measured by real need, there is not an over-production of foodstuffs and raw materials. The temporary glut is due to the temporary paralysis of European demand. To avoid a serious shortage in the near future, prices at least equal to the cost of production of the marginal producers, who are now being driven out of production, must be guaranteed. Sugar, wool, cotton, jute, copper, nitrates, and a number of other basic commodities will soon not be forthcoming in sufficient quantities to meet the needs of Europe, unless steps are taken now to save the producers from bankruptcy. What is wanted in each case is something like a "valorization" scheme. International corporations must be created (with the approval and support of the Governments concerned), whose function it would be to purchase the temporary surplus, which the producing countries cannot dispose of, at a guaranteed price sufficient to cover a reasonable estimate of cost. The funds necessary for this purpose would be obtained partly from the investing public, partly from the banks, and partly, as in the case of Dominion produce, from the Government of the exporting country, who would simplify the whole transaction by instituting "producers' pools," as the Australian and New Zealand Governments are now trying to do. There will be no risk of ultimate loss; for the object of the new bodies will be to buy only when prices fall below cost of production, and to sell only when they rise above that level. Moreover, to meet an exceptional crisis such as the present, stocks of raw materials held by these institutions should be regarded as good cover for the creation of fresh purchasing power, either in the form of redeemable currency or of bank advances, exactly as gold and silver bullion have been treated in the past. A temporary surplus of basic commodities would then be automatically relieved by the stimulus to trade and consumption afforded by easier monetary conditions. No institution of this kind now exists; but during the war there were numbers of Governmental and Inter-Governmental Purchasing Commissions and "Executives," which were performing the even more difficult task of buying the whole of the world's exportable output of many foodstuffs and raw materials, and allocating them by a system of rationing to the Governments of the importing countries. Nothing so ambitious as this is possible to-day; but the principle of

guaranteeing a minimum price for the purpose of stabilizing production is vital, if we are to avoid the fate that looms ahead.

The objector will at once ask, "What is the use of guaranteeing producers' prices if at the same time you do nothing to stimulate consumption? You cannot maintain supply in excess of demand indefinitely." This brings us to Central Europe and Russia. If these could be brought effectively into the cycle of world trade, there would be no over-production of basic commodities. Here, again, the situation requires large-scale handling. Only a concerted effort on an international scale can restore Russia and Eastern Europe to their place in world trade. Three essentials must be posited: first, a programme of priority in supplying admitted wants; second, long-term credits for substantial amounts; and third, co-ordination and not overlapping in the programme of reconstruction. As regards priority, the order would vary in different countries. In Russia it is, first, railways; secondly, manufactured goods; thirdly, machinery. In Central Europe it is, first, repair of railways; secondly, raw materials; and thirdly, loans to Governments to enable them to stop inflation and reconstruct their finances.

TOWARDS A PUBLIC UTILITY COMPANY.

Such a programme has been discussed at Paris and Cannes, but it is too soon yet to be sanguine about the cautious and limited proposals that have been put forward. The danger is that months, if not years, may elapse before the new capitalist programme produces any substantial results. In the meantime, it would be disastrous if the pioneers of the new policy were to be discouraged because of the unpopularity and distrust which such large-scale capitalist enterprise is likely to evoke. Many people dislike and fear the prospect of Europe and Russia being dominated by a powerful combination of European capitalists. Admittedly there are grounds for such feelings. But if the power eventually wielded by such a group should become an intolerable dictatorship, it will surely not be beyond the capacity of the European peoples either to dissolve it or to control it. You can control a Trust, but you cannot control a chaos. It would, indeed, be a generous gesture, which would go a long way to disarm the suspicions of Liberal and Socialist opinion in Europe, if the new International Corporation were constituted from the outset as a Non-Profit-Making Public Utility Company. It is to this form that Trusts, national and international, must eventually approximate, and we believe that such a proposal would be readily accepted by the more far-sighted capitalists in Great Britain, Italy, and Germany.

Meanwhile, the most vital need is that the Corporation should be strong enough to carry through its programme. Large resources must be placed at its disposal, partly by the investing public and partly through Government credits and bank loans. Fresh purchasing power must be created, if world trade is to revive. The surplus of the outside world can only be made available to supply the needs of Europe and Russia if the financial machine provides both temporary and long-term credits. But once a fair degree of security and organization had been achieved, the supply of credit would not be the limiting factor. The limiting factor, outside the countries to which assistance is granted, would be the ability of the experts running these large-scale organizations to plan with imagination and foresight and to wield their power efficiently and disinterestedly. It is the belief that these qualities can still be found, in peace as in war, among the professional organizers of modern capitalism, that underlies our hope for the economic revival of Europe.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

MR. JEEVAN LAL KAPUR writes me from Paris a long criticism of my remarks on Mr. Gandhi's agitation, which says in a great many words precisely what I affirmed in a few—namely, that the India of Mr. Gandhi considers herself "under the domination of a foreign Power, which she wants to get rid of"; that it is not the goodness or the badness of British government which concerns him, but the government itself; that there is "no such thing" as "law and order" in India, for "your very presence there is illegal according to the law and equity of the civilized world." This is an old song; Mr. Gandhi has simply set it to a new tune. It is rather artfully composed. When a political move fails, he disavows it, and retreats into mysticism; when it succeeds, he makes another and a more extreme one. If he has a religion, it seems to me to be not a faith of humanity, but of the nationalism which has devastated Europe. His politics is a zigzag flight from one station to another. He denounced the boycott of English goods, and advised his followers to leave the movement, as soon as it was "actually done." Now he promotes it. He rejects violence in form, but excuses it in action, and accepts and uses the prestige it confers on his agitation. The lust and brutality of the wild and primitive Moplahs were a horrible rebuke to his agitation, but he refused to read its lesson. The crime of Amritsar gave him one legitimate hold on the Indian imagination. He avenged the blow which General Dyer struck at the self-respect of the Indian people. That was a political service to India, no less than a spur to the timid and ungenerous spirit of the Indian Government. But its moral value disappears as Gandhism takes the form of a mere Indian retort on Dyerism.

MR. GANDHI, therefore, is neither to have nor to hold; you cannot handle him politically, for he does not mean to deal with Lord Reading, as Mr. Gokhale, the wisest and ablest figure among Indian reformers, dealt with Lord Morley. But that conclusion leaves India at the mercy of force—for though Mr. Gandhi would destroy our law and order, he lacks all constructive ideas—at the moment when statesmanship on the British and the Indian sides has joined hands in opening the political movement. Clearly that is a most critical occasion. We ought to go to meet it, and we are letting it overwhelm, not us merely, but the best and most instructed elements in India, the only people capable of working out with our officials even the limited powers of the dyarchy. The time has come for a large and definite political gesture. The Irish parallel occurs, and is consciously in Indian minds. The precedent is far from exact, but it does offer one useful suggestion. The Act of 1919, like the Irish Act of 1920, is clearly inadequate. It is necessary to supplement it by the gift of an Indian Constitution. An Act of such complexity and consequence cannot be drawn up by the Indian or the British Government without reference to Indian wishes, and it requires the highest political authority we can command. I suggest that a High Commission be sent out to advise on and prepare it in conjunction with the Viceroy, and I should put Lord Milner—the Lord Milner of the Egyptian Constitution *bien entendu*—or Lord Robert Cecil at its head, and provide him with advisers of the stamp of Sir Lawrence Jenkins, a well-beloved figure in India, who ought long ago to have been by Lord Reading's side. The general model of the Constitution would necessarily be the Government of the

Dominions (the India of the war was in effect a Dominion: why not the India of the peace?), and when it was framed the King himself would naturally repair to India to proclaim it. That, at least, is a policy of settlement, whereas our present policy is a slovenly drift into a worse war (worse in its incidents, and possibly in its effect on the world-order) than that of 1914.

KNOWING what our Daily Press is, I was curious to see what it would make of Nansen's meeting in the Queen's Hall on the Russian Famine. That the speaker was a great man was evident even to those who had never heard his name. It is an easily calculable fact that his subject was the worst misfortune that has happened to Europe since it ceased to be the home of tribal wanderers; and though Nansen's treatment was quite unrhethorical, no prophet calling down death and judgment on the heads of the rulers of men ever launched such a judgment of her statesmen. What happened the next morning? Save the "Daily Herald," not a London paper devoted its front page to the meeting. The "Daily News" seemed to be more concerned with Princess Mary's trousseau; the "Times" gave a cold abstract of a quarter of a column. One or two journals published a skimpy leaderette. That was the extent of their interest in the monstrous thing that has come to birth on the plains of corn-growing Russia. Does any warm blood run in Fleet Street nowadays? It seems to me as dead as one of the deserted villages of the Volga. I have heard in my time a good deal of abuse of American newspapers. But I will wager that any New York or Chicago news-editor whose reporters brought him the Nansen story, and who thereupon failed to paint his town red with it, would vote himself henceforth unfit to take a bigger job than a dustman's. Sensationalism! I wish to God our journalists knew what the word meant. Since Stead left the "Pall Mall," there has not been a London daily newspaper that has had the skill or the pluck to give its readers one real thrill. If Mr. Hearst had been in London during that period, he would have wiped its halfpenny press out of existence, merely on the ground of its incapacity to live up to its one profession of competence.

NANSEN was wonderful. He has no airs or graces. His voice is harsh, without striking or attractive modulations; his appearance staid and solemn to severity. He spoke in a foreign tongue, his knowledge of which gave him an ample supply of force for his argument, while allowing little play for an emotional appeal if he had chosen to make it. Yet nearly every sentence was a blow at the heart or the intelligence. The audience looked and, I think, felt stunned. The guilt of their statesmen, of all the statesmen, was clear enough—but in the sight of those dying children I think we all knew ourselves condemned. Well, God is merciful. Nansen made it quite clear that everyone who was present in the Queen's Hall, or who reads these conscience-stricken words, could save a Russian child or two. If he is rich or well-to-do, he can save a great many.

It is clear from Lord Birkenhead's speech that the rent in the Coalition's garment has been patched, and its thin, shoddy material will be carefully worn so that it may last a little longer, in fact, just over the General Election. To that extent, at least, the four important men—Mr. George, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Birkenhead—hang together. The main defence of the band will be the Geddes Report, which replaces the lost catchword of "Making Germany Pay." The one is just as false as the other; and as Geddism is sure to aggravate unemployment, it

will bring Labor and the Government into the violent antagonism which Lord Birkenhead's attack on the Labor Party invites. That is pure Conservatism; and the true Liberals, if they are wise, will meet this tactic with a constructive policy on unemployment, on the conduct of industry, and on national education. If they merely echo the Report they may win votes, but Liberalism will have lost its place in the future, and may well cease to be a determining, or even a consultative, force in politics. Mr. Asquith has been wise enough to avoid this pitfall, and even to warn his followers against it, and one hopes that on this ground Lord Grey will stand with him.

As to the talk of a change in the Liberal leadership, Mr. Asquith retiring in favor of Lord Grey, I see no such event in prospect. Lord Grey's reappearance is, after all, not a distinctively Liberal event. It is rather a Liberal-Conservative one. He is feeling his way to a platform; and if the idea of Government is to be moralized and adapted to a new synthesis, and should the Coalition come to grief before or after a General Election, he may group round him strong forces of moderation and conscience, and so present a formidable face to mere reaction. But there are obvious difficulties. The Labor Party will not pursue anything like a joint electoral campaign with the Liberals, though there is no single item in Mr. Henderson's electoral programme to which a Radical like myself would not subscribe. But he and others would, of course, consider the proposition of joining any Government of a progressive color that might emerge from the election. But they would make conditions; and a merely conservative view of foreign policy would never come into their picture of the kind of face British statesmanship ought to show to the after-war world. Mr. Asquith is, if anything, nearer the Labor view of foreign policy than Lord Grey.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It may not be generally known to your readers that Lord Bryce took an active part last summer in arranging for an inquiry into the Irish administration. A number of leading Churchmen, lawyers, and writers met at his invitation and made preparations for setting up a Commission—which would have been not less authoritative in the standing of its members than the Bryce Commission on Belgium—to investigate the facts, and bring the truth before the people of England. The Committee was non-party in character, and its names would have carried great weight in the world at large. The project was dropped when negotiations began. There is no doubt that the publication of the report would have made the Government's policy of reprisals impossible, for it would have immensely strengthened the indignation that was growing throughout the country. Lord Bryce's action was characteristic of his bold and indefatigable patriotism. It is probable that the Government were not unaware of the blow that was imminent."

I SAID something the other day in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM on the Greaves-Whistler controversy, which, as the Pennells conclusively show, is at an end, with no evidence to show that Walter Greaves was other than an imitative pupil of the master. Nevertheless the contrary thesis was upheld, among others by Mr. Konody, now the art critic of the "Observer," who accepted the false date, 1862, appended to Greaves's "Passing under Battersea Bridge." This made it look as if Whistler's immortal picture had derived from Greaves's work instead of Greaves's painting from Whistler's. Now that the Pennells have told the story, Mr. Konody explains that he "could not believe in the date" on which he, nevertheless, founded his view of Whistler's derivation from Greaves. I turn to his criticism in the "Daily Mail," but I find no scepticism there. On the contrary, Mr. Konody not only accepted the date without question, but adopted the Greaves's assertion that they painted the Thames by day and night before they knew Whistler. Here is the passage in which the whole ridiculous thesis was sustained. It appeared in the "Daily Mail"

of Saturday, May 6th, 1911. The article was headed "Unknown Master"—"Discovery of a Great Artist—Whistler's Pupil," and was signed P. G. K. :—

"The interest of his display at the Goupil Gallery, apart from the admirable painter-like qualities of Mr. Greaves's work, lies in the problem: How much of the astounding talent shown in these paintings was due to Whistler's teaching, and—one trembles to utter the blasphemy!—how much did Whistler learn from his pupil? From Mr. Greaves himself, whose worship of the master, according to all accounts, amounted almost to self-effacement, it would be vain to expect enlightenment. But there is the evidence of his work. 'Passing Under Old Battersea Bridge,' the most 'Whistlerian' perhaps of all his works, so like the master's 'Nocturne' at the Tate Gallery in arrangement and in the manner of applying the paint, and especially of indicating the figures, bears the date 1862, and thus antedates Whistler's picture by over ten years. And then we have Mr. Greaves's own statement, made in all modesty, that he and his brother painted the Thames and Cremorne Gardens, both day and night effects, before they knew Whistler, which would be in the early 'fifties.

"Thus, while Mr. Greaves's 'Carlyle,' his 'Portrait of the Artist,' and other pictures are clearly painted in imitation of 'the master,' one is forced to the conclusion that Whistler himself may have benefited to no small extent by the example of his pupil."

The italics are my own.

I RECEIVED this note some little time ago:—

"There is one point in a recent review of the Keir Hardie biography which perhaps you will allow me to correct. In referring to his first public appearance at Westminster, in tweed suit and cap, you infer that 'he wanted to notify his arrival at Westminster, to show that the workman was there, and what he looked like.' Now, however much he may have appreciated later the value of such an impression given, so far as the incident itself is concerned his apparently deliberate flouting of the conventions on that occasion was not deliberate, but purely accidental—one of those so-called 'accidents' which so often serve a use.

"It was not Mr. Hardie's custom, previously, to attend important meetings in other than the usual black coat, collar, and tie—as I remember him at the first Sunday evening lecture at which I heard him speak prior to his return to Parliament—and so far from his mind was the thought of making himself undesirably conspicuous to his Parliamentary colleagues that he had specially ordered a new suit and hat for the occasion of his appearance amongst them. These were ordered in his own little country town, to be sent on to him in London, but, whether through dilatoriness on the part of the tradesmen there, or through delay in transit, failed to reach him in time for the opening of the House. Money being too much of a consideration with him then to allow of the purchase of substitutes, he decided to go in his everyday tweed suit and cap—to which attire he adhered afterwards simply because of the contemptuous reception given to it. His natural pride would not allow of his offering any explanation of the circumstances."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"FAIR UN'APPY."

SOCIOLOGY, like all sciences, is worthless but for the experience of the laboratory, and its laboratory is the collective life of men and women. Most of its generalizations in the past have proved worthless, because the writer has given, not what men say or do, but what he thinks they are saying or doing, or what he thinks they ought to be saying or doing. But when one receives a work, disinterested, sincere, with no *a priori* prejudices, written by a foreigner who has not only observed the life of a class but lived the life of that class indistinguishably from any other of them, one may get a book not only of interest, but of real value. And such a book is the record by Mr. Whiting Williams of various sections of post-war industrial England. In "Full Up and Fed Up" (Allen & Unwin) this writer, having attained experience in the labor gangs of America, attains experience in the "Labor Gangs" of Britain. His subject of examination is

chiefly the high-paid industrial "heavy" trades—coal, iron and steel, tinplate. His record is mainly of conversations with men and women, at the coal-face, the pithead, the furnished lodging, the public-house—especially the public-house. The book, as it ought to be, is in the main detached; there are few attempts at generalizations, and a commendable absence of "sob-stuff." "Here it is," he seems to say of this industrial England, "take it or leave it. Believe or disbelieve. Send out your own investigators if you disbelieve me. This is what I have seen."

Some of us who have tried to acquire knowledge of these regions, so remote from the smooth-flowing life of London and the tranquil counties surrounding it, find some at least of our observations confirmed by this personal record, while others seem far outside our experience. England has returned triumphant from the war, but industrial England is not happy. She is suffering not merely from external disability, but from the malady of the soul. Here in South Wales the old faith has largely vanished, and with it the music which made the country a "sea of song." It has been replaced for the most part by emptiness of mind, by a fierce but indefinite hatred of "capitalists" and sometimes of Trade Union leaders, of the world, of their civilization, of themselves. The workmen earned increased wages, largely consumed in drink, especially on Saturday evenings. Mr. Williams seems to think that the Sunday Prohibition here is more harmful than beneficial. They provide for it by Saturday's double potations. But they spend their time in this kind of social criticism, tossing about names like Marx and Lenin without having read a line of either's writing. He confirms what many of us here have been saying: that one seed of discontent is the returned soldier, that the secret of his discontent is the promises which had been lavishly spread before him and are now all unfulfilled; that the thing he most fears is unemployment, and that he would sacrifice substantial wages for security of tenure. There is considerable desire for education—in some cases to make life a nobler thing; but in a substantial minority as a store of dynamite with which some day to lay out the "capitalist." For all have become desperately conscious that without "education" they can never beat him in the end.

These men have been consumed and enraged by the experience of the war. They came back hoping for better things, and have not found them. They got high wages—the tinplaters of Swansea were earning eight, ten, or even more pounds per week. But they have mainly pre-war conceptions of how to use the money. They drink enormously. They drink and curse the "Government" and "Llode George," and the "Mawsters," and their own trade union leaders who get elected and retire to London, and betray or are indifferent to the men's interests. They start continually little strikes of their own. In one of these movements, the owners issued summonses for £2,000 against them for leaving work, but when offered a compromise of £150, the men went back to work again.

The "Bolshies" amongst them are a separate class, preaching "down tools" as a prelude to a world-revolution. They are always holding meetings and proclaiming their propositions; but they excite only a faint interest. There will be no revolution in industrial Britain, asserts Mr. Williams, unless Prohibition comes. For the arguments speedily disappear in the public-houses. Yet they admire the "Bolshies" for the most part, as a class apart indeed, but useful in defending their rights and privileges. "Whether for or against, it is certain that everyone puts into the whole matter an immense amount of earnestness and feeling—and soreness against the management." "Something has surely been eating at these men, young and old; the ugliest words with the most fervor behind them are likely to get the most hand-clappings and whistlings." Some tell fairy stories of the triumph of working-class government in Russia. Some have been "fair wonderin'" whether Jesus Christ been Bolshie were 'e 'ere the noo." But perhaps the most usual verdict was that of a young miner who had started at eleven years: "They're overproud of themselves and their extremes. But, after all,

they're the mouthpiece of the whole crowd of us, for all of us are fair un'appy."

In South Wales the explorer found the centre of this dissipated energy in weak attempts at resistance, the drink triumphing in the end. In Middlesbrough he saw unexpected causes for rejoicing, which he attributed to good housing, the sliding-scale agreement between employers and employed, and the fact that the masters live near their works and took an interest in their workers and in the town's prosperity. Of Glasgow his brief summary is that it "is certainly the most revolutionary and also the most rum-ridden and degraded city I ever yet have seen." He heard the hottest-headed Labor stuff talked on the Green in the afternoon; in the evening he found the women and men drinking large glasses of whisky followed by beer; and the night was an inferno of drunkenness as almost makes one sick to read. But the argument is here again advanced, and again with a belief in its finality, "Without Rum we should have Revolution"—

"The whole city, more or less, seemed to be trying to go Cowcaddens one better. Everywhere, even in the centre of the city, it was a mass of staggering, singing, swearing, laughing men and women and boys and girls, interspersed with men with puff adder necks, playing bagpipes or flutes or accordions for the coppers of the passers-by. As you walk—especially in the less lighted sections—it is necessary to watch carefully to keep from stepping into the vomitings of the earlier home-goers. On the car you pass this man or woman reeling along, or see this man making over-polite bows while the young lady edges away—or laughs at him mockingly—while other bolder and more fortunate Don Juans wrestle with their sweethearts in what looks like a cross between caressing and boxing. When the man in the seat behind you leans forward and puts his head on to your back, you think of the slippery sidewalks and of the scarcity of your coats—and change your seat hurriedly."

And all this to the accompaniment of argument from semi-instructed revolutionism at his side: "W'y do we 'awve a bl—y parasite like the King? A bleeding loafer 'e is!" " 'Tis the capitalists thet own us workin' clawses like slaves—but they do nae feed us."

Against which dismal picture of the condition of the men who won the war may be set up the idealism of many of the Labor leaders—the demand for popular and especially advanced Socialist literature—contrasted with the state of the town itself, with its 40,000 people in one-roomed and 600,000 in two-roomed tenements, each calculated to drive every inhabitant to drink or Revolution; conditions which are a disgrace to the second city of Britain.

Is it not about time, one might ask, for a people which calls itself sane, to turn from expeditions against Russia or ploughing the sands of Arabia, to consider these "realities at home," the place where "all of us are fair un'appy"?

CONEY ISLAND AND THE AMERICAN TEMPER.

If you would understand America, you must understand Coney Island, that strange city by the sea which is the playground of New York. There you may see the soul of the Yankee (using the word in its all-inclusive British usage) on display in its most characteristic quality, which is its batteredness, and enjoying the treatment Coney Island offers, which is super-battering.

Souls battered by what? you ask. By life; by America's industrial civilization; and most of all by the conditions human beings must endure if they choose to dwell in New York.

At Coney we eat our "hot dogs"—*Frankfurter* sandwiches—bathed in mustard; a pot of the arsenical-looking stuff stands on the counter, and the customer trowels it out to his own taste. It is the rite most frequently performed; and it is symbolic of the place. A palate dulled with condiments must be over-stimulated before it can taste at all. A mind buffeted by the

whirlwind of life in New York, assaulted by the roar of machinery, dizzied by the pace at which we spin along, learns to regard a shout as the normal tone, and cannot hear with comfort anything less strident.

So Coney is the place where people are shouted at for their own pleasure, enjoying both new noises and the extra-loudness. Come for a walk down our chief street, and let me show you what I mean. The very architecture roars at you. The entrance to an amusement park must not be an entrance merely; it should be the gigantic round face of a man, with enormous staring eyes and a gaping mouth, through which the crowds can pass. Failing this, it should be a section of the Swiss Alps, with a real waterfall. If our architectural scheme requires pillars—lo! they are barber poles. The final word in exterior decoration is a big mirror set into the wall, and surrounded by the same gilt moulding in bas-relief which is to be found along the tops of the animals' cages at the circus.

And not only our eyes, but our ears are the subject of assault and battery. No Coney peanut-roaster is a peanut-roaster without a whistle, querulous and incessant. The balloons we buy for our children remain rotund only while pinched shut; when released, they collapse with the wail of a dying pig. Thousands of automobiles move slowly up and down the street, and blow their horns continuously just because it is Coney. Let your car stand empty by the curb, and twenty-seven of every hundred passers-by will sound your klaxon. The merry-go-round has an artificial xylophone player which is nearly as horrible as the real thing. We dot our landscape with dance halls where the jazz goes fourteen hours a day. After all this, for novelty we import into Bedlam a brass band and have a free concert. Even while it is in progress, observe any one of our hundreds of busy merchants and you will see his lips moving as he incessantly chants his wares. He does not watch to see if anyone is listening; and, indeed, no one ever is.

But the street is too tame to hold the true Coney Islander long. Let us equip ourselves with hot-dog sandwiches, peanuts, and Babylonian bricks of incredibly tough popcorn, and seek the chance to live dangerously.

A chief pleasure of battered souls, one notices at once, is battered bodies. Here is a device where half-a-dozen of us sit in a flat-bottomed bowl and fall down hill, around curves, against posts, whirling at dizzy speed, jolted, sick, and happy. Further on we do the same thing without the intervention of the bowl, sliding in a polished chute. Probably the pleasure of the latter comes from wondering about slivers. . . . After you have done any of these things, you stand and watch other people repeating your agonies, and seeing them ridiculous you have all the contemptuous superiority of a new-fledged sophomore hazing a freshman. There are floors which revolve and toss pedestrians off by centrifugal force. There is a section which has waves and you coast along in a wheeled chair, somewhat as do the Hawaiian surf-board riders. Any Freudian could make a good dream interpretation of another device, where you sit in a gondola and swoop down a long hill into the sea. There are vertical Ferris wheels, horizontal Ferris wheels, and magnificent Ferris wheels which are both at once. When you see our patient, rather sad-faced crowd gazing upward at these aerial toys, and waiting in long lines for the chance to escape from reality by yielding themselves to the embrace of brutal and inscrutable machinery, you can understand the impulse which animated Dædalus, Icarus, and the Wright Brothers.

All our pleasures are violent; but sometimes, as in the Eden Musée, the violence is in repose. The staring, life-sized waxworks are exactly as they have always been, though the show is brightened with new groups from time to time. We have the trial and execution of Edith Cavell now, and a dreadful opium den, "a replica of one on the Barbara [*sic*] coast." There is "Charlie Chaplin in Flirtation," and W. G. Harding, with a footnote explaining that he is President of the United States. The Eden Musée is generous, and fills its windows with enticing specimens of the glories within. On one side is "The Eagle's Nest," with a huge and dusty eagle ready to carry off a baby which lies in perilous passivity on a rock. But father is there, and he simply will not tolerate

this sort of thing. Looking like a movie hero, he defends baby with an axe, while mother crouches approvingly in the background. In the other window, Pharaoh's Daughter discovers the infant Moses among the bulrushes, and does so with an expression of ironical contempt which seems to indicate that she knows what a nuisance babies are.

Let no one tell you that Americans are lacking in historical sense. This may be true in some parts, but not at Coney, which has its monument to the past, all complete with commemorative tablet. It is a roller-coaster enterprise on the wall of which is lettered the fact that "This Ride Is a Memorial to Lamarcus A. Thompson, The Inventor of Gravity Rides, Who Built on This Location the First Gravity Ride Ever Built." The lettering goes on to a canny argument that you run little risk if you embark. It is "as safe as forty years of constant experience can make a ride."

Most of us, however, do not need his reassurance. The roller-coaster, diversified into a score of forms and titles, is one of our most popular means of self-battery. Look above the roofs in any direction and you will see their long-legged trestles. Their roar, like a surf, is a continuous *obligato* to the terrified screams of the happy passengers. If you pay your ten cents and sit in one of the wooden cars, like a coffin with seats, you will see signs everywhere: "Don't Stand Up! Hold Your Hat!" Both these rulings are disregarded. Every day straw hats are lost, to the quantity of six heaping bushel baskets, and from time to time a young man stands up and is killed by an overhead beam. Then the machinery is halted and the subdued revellers sit and wait while the body is brought in and whisked out of sight. Presently, off we go again, for, after all, there are plenty of young men. The bright face of danger is none the less alluring because one in ten thousand has gazed upon Medusa and died.

Are you thinking that we have forgotten something? No; the sea is still there. It is patient and will wait until we have eaten our popcorn, shot at the leaping tin rabbits, been photographed in the dummy automobile, and played a game of checkers with the little old man—ten cents if he beats you, nothing if you win.

At one end our street suddenly falls away into the open grey slope of the beach. Here you may stand, on a hot Sunday in July, and see no single unoccupied spot as large as a copy of the "Police Gazette." Instead, like a peck of spilled beads, there are heads and heads, with occasional umbrellas, and here and there bare legs waving helplessly upside down as the sportive young men "rough house" each other. Fourteen thousand persons have used the municipal bathhouse in a single day, but this is not enough, and it is being expanded. Thousands more use the private facilities, where the prices go up or down according to the hour of the day and the day of the week—a perfect example of the law of supply and demand. On a day when the muggy heat wraps itself lovingly around you, stops your breath, and makes the blood pound in your temples, the surf is spattered with bathers like a seal herd off the Aleutian Islands. Generally speaking, we do not swim. We jump up and down, we splash, we exhibit our handsome forms to a crowd of strangers. Of the total time we spend in bathing suits we are in the water perhaps a fifth. The true delight is in getting your clothes off, in feeling the sand between your toes, in having about you no pockets, no subway tickets, no memoranda. Mankind has inhabited the earth some thousands of years, worn clothing a tenth as long, and we made that clothing hideous and uncomfortable only the other day, so to speak. It is no wonder that some unregenerate souls are glad to get rid of the novelty.

As you count the heads upon the beach, you will see that the hair on most of them is black. Coney is one more place from which the native Yankee stock has retreated before the fierce tide of the South European and the Oriental. Most of the names above the doors of our amusement places are Jewish. It is a fascinating spectacle to see a young girl swing modishly through the throng, hair bobbed, skirt short, heels high, beaded bag exactly the proper size and cut, robin's-egg-blue sweater knitted in wide mesh to show the fascinating pink

beneath—and her face, in cheek bones and contour, the face of the peasants in their huts among the Balkans. The International Eugenic Congress has decided that the melting-pot doesn't melt, but Helene—whose mother's name was Yashyanka—knows better. Her aunt back in Bulgaria has never seen a bath tub, cannot read or write, and sews up her children every autumn for the winter, while Helene is a cash girl at Wilkins's Big Store, has seen eighty-six instalments of "The Risks of Ruth" in the movies, and buys Mr. Hearst's "Evening Journal" every night. . . .

The Coney crowd, once or twice removed from Europe, has only partially digested the Anglo-Saxon Puritanism which forms the framework of American manners. The love-making on the beach when the policeman is not looking is as ardent as it is indifferent to stares and giggles. After all, youth *must* seek its own; if society fails to provide solitude, society must learn to look the other way.

No American scene is complete without an incongruity; at Coney it is the seaside park. You come upon it suddenly at the end of our dirty white street. Within a thick hedge there is a level greensward. Huge trees shade its borders; like all respectable parks, it has flowers and rubbish cans. But with us who go to Coney, the park is not popular. Not enough jazz. Too quiet. You can see an old park anywhere, but Coney is the place of the hot dogs, the dance pavilions, the African dodger, the ring toss, with its prizes of candy and Kewpie dolls. The park department has done its bit for Puritanism with its sign: "Persons in bathing suits not allowed in this park." Except on the warmest days it is needless.

Among New Yorkers of the better sort (as the advertisement writers say) there are some with a shame-faced love of Coney who will insist to you on the beauty of the island at night. In the daytime, they explain, it is garish and soiled. But when the stars are out, and the kindly purple wing of night wipes away the grime, and the little yellow electric lamps, looped and festooned above you, burn with a soft radiance in the moist summer air—ah, then! . . .

I deny it. I deny your right to abjure Coney before sunset and accept it thereafter. For at both times the essential meaning of the place is the same. The bands go wheezing on with the same tunes. The solemn-eyed dancers shuffle endlessly, cheek by jowl. The motion-picture palaces flicker away with their machine-made triangle plays. The barkers, so much overrated by our writers of popular fiction, bellow their ten-word messages as drearily at one time as another, without an ounce of wit to the ton. No; if you embrace Coney, it should be a marriage, not a platonic courtship after dark.

Let us not stay to see the lights come on, for I would show you the loveliest thing that Coney has to offer, and it is far away. Just as the sun sets, we will mount the concrete stairway to track D and take our train. As you jam your way in with a thousand others, close-packed until your feet hardly touch the floor, and as the city-bound express shoots onward, taking curves and switches without a pause, you will be able to realize better why our islanders' nerves are jaded and must have thrill upon thrill for their titillation.

Presently we slacken speed and move up a long slope out of the tunnel upon a bridge. Push past the fat Jewess with the baby and get to the window. Far across the river, shrouded in violet haze, lies the City, against a sky of pearl, and silver and purple. Row on row the lighted windows go up, here in flat cliffs like squared-off stalagmites, there in slender towers. It seems incredible that insignificant man should have erected these mighty bulwarks which glow in the sunset, and should have filled them with the myriad activities of his complex life. Yet he has done so, has played Frankenstein for a pale stone monster which has turned upon him and destroyed him. . . . Destroyed him, at least to the extent that Coney and the things of Coney have come to mean a consummation to him.

"Canal Street!" says the guard, and two hundred creatures in the image of God shove and pant and mutter as they crowd out of the airless car into the airless station.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Communications.

THE BEGINNING OF A BETTER FRANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—There are two facts about the fall of the Briand Ministry which appear not fully to be understood in England. The first is that it was not the expression of a wave of popular opinion; the second, that its motive was not primarily dissatisfaction with the terms of the proposed Anglo-French pact, but a dislike of the general tendency towards conciliation as regards Germany and, even more, as regards Russia.

The reactionary and militarist majority of the Chamber, which at last let itself go, but was always hostile to the Briand policy, was elected in a moment of anti-Bolshevist panic, and by no means represents the fundamental Radicalism of the French peasant—the industrial vote is negligible. It was spurred into action, first of all, by the fear that Briand might consent to meet the Russians without previously getting a very clear acknowledgment of the pre-war debt, of course mainly held by France; second, by the blind determination to make Germany pay; and, third, by the insistence of the military party that the hold on the Rhine should not be relaxed. The crisis was actually forced by the personal action of the President of the Republic, straining to the utmost his constitutional powers, as indeed he had announced his intention of doing at his election.

The Poincaré Government has come in breathing fire. It is welcomed with almost incredulous surprise and joy by such extreme reactionaries as Ernest Daudet and the "Action Française," and by André Tardieu, still, like Horatius on the bridge, defending the textual observance of the Treaty of Versailles. Indeed, in his new paper, the "Echo National," which exhibits the name of Clemenceau as "founder," he even accuses Poincaré of having stolen his thunder. But there are already signs that the bite will not be as bad as the bark; and there are clear indications that public opinion would certainly be against it if it were. Even in the formation of his Government Poincaré tried hard to secure the co-operation of other opinions than those of the Right. The fact that 65 per cent. of his Ministers are former colleagues of Briand does not perhaps prove much, for Briand had enrolled militarists like Barthou in the pursuance of a similar policy. Indeed, it must be remembered that in France, as a politician said to me, "We have no true parties: we have only tendencies." The Frenchman is not "born into the world alive, either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." At the same time, the fact is significant that Poincaré tried—although without success—to enlist Viviani and also Herriot, the Radical mayor of Lyons; and some, at least, of his ex-Briand Ministers are not the fire-eaters which he pretends to be himself.

The fact is that Poincaré, a realist and practical, will eventually be forced by events to follow virtually the same policy as Briand, although, having a neat and orderly mind, he will not pursue the same methods of improvisation. As regards England, his policy may be described as that of arriving at an understanding after having carefully removed all the causes of difference, rather than that of concluding an agreement in order to remove those causes. That is to say, that this is what his ultimate policy will be. Meanwhile, the talk is all of the firm hand—the strict execution of the Versailles Treaty, seizure of military guarantees, no meeting with the Soviets—so much so that the "Action Française" is encouraged to clamor quite openly for the condemnation of Briand for high treason, just as Caillaux was condemned.

The effect of this on public opinion has been immediate in two ways. All the indications show that the Government does not possess the confidence of the business community, and the working class of the towns is already expressing itself against any prospect of military adventures. No doubt the industrial workers are not the French electorate, for France is almost self-supporting, and is more or less independent of international business. But the industrial workers are intelligent and vocal, and in the modern world even France cannot maintain a commercial isolation. The time does not yet appear to have come, however, when the militarists and the Chamber will face the realities of the situation, and although

Poincaré may conform to them eventually, all his present talk is of taking a firm grip of Germany's fiscal machine. The Comte de Lasteyrie, the new Finance Minister, has spent several months in Germany. He declares himself convinced that all sorts of devices are being adopted to conceal the real wealth of the country, and that to obtain payment it is only necessary to take charge of her exchequer. Whether such a proposal is sincerely made or not, the Realists, even here, know that it is impossible. They know that it would bring down the façade which gives a false appearance of prosperity to German industry, and that the vision of German gold is an illusion. Yet no one has the courage to say so. On the other hand, the one really practical reparations proposal—the acceptance of reparations in kind, the rebuilding of the devastated regions with German material and by German labor—is opposed by a host of interests in France, business interests of ironmasters, builders, timber merchants. All these men regard the reconstruction of Northern France as a reserved enclosure for French exploitation.

As far as Great Britain is concerned, the general feeling remains, as it has been at bottom since the beginning of the war, genuinely cordial. Since he has got to know the Englishman, the Frenchman really likes him as much as he likes any foreigner, and more than any other foreigner. Besides, the necessity for an Anglo-French understanding is fully realized, and Lord Grey's speech is welcomed on all sides.

There is little doubt that France will go to Genoa. Her representative will not be Poincaré; indeed, I hear Loucheur's name frequently mentioned. Whether it will come to that or not, there is on all sides a growing feeling that France should be authoritatively represented. If it did come to that, a great step will have been taken towards conciliation. For Loucheur makes no secret of his opinion that the supposed prosperity of Germany is merely a façade: that the working classes are on starvation wages; and that the country is in real danger of revolution if the economic situation is not bettered. On the other hand, the danger is always Millerand. His ear is open to the whispers of a group of Russian *émigrés*. And these gentlemen will certainly not suggest that a representative of France should sit at the same table with Lenin and Tchitcherin.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP CARR.

Paris.

Letters to the Editor.

LORD GREY AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

SIR,—Readers fully in accord with your comments, in the "Events of the Week" (January 28th), upon the return to politics of Lord Grey may be alarmed by the view, expressed by "Wayfarer" in the same issue of your journal and by others elsewhere, that the coming election may place Lord Grey at the head of a Liberal Government. That possibility might well prevent many an elector from voting Liberal. A statesman who, after all that French militarism has been doing at Versailles, on the Rhine, in Poland and Silesia, in Syria and Angora, and at Washington and Cannes, still bases English politics on a strengthened Entente with France, is not likely to contribute to the salvation of Europe. Lord Grey may be as consistent as one can expect from a Foreign Secretary who assigned to Italy Tirol and other parts of Austria that had never been Italian, without troubling about the principles of justice and liberty and the rights of nationalities, of which the League of Nations subsequently took charge in so convenient a manner. Liberals have little reason to support Mr. Lloyd George. But if the choice be between him and Lord Grey they may prefer the former, who has, at any rate, shown that he is not above learning. When two men who have joined in business find out after years of partnership that every one of the many solemn agreements at which they arrived with difficulty has still to be patched up again, they either have the sense to dissolve the partnership or the one has to give in altogether

to the other. Are we to understand that England has so hopelessly entangled herself that nothing but yielding to France can save her?—Yours, &c.,

N. F.

London, February 1st, 1922.

"THE GOVERNING MIND OF FRANCE."

SIR,—It is to be feared that the article in your issue of January 21st entitled "The Governing Mind of France" will not help to ease the strain of present Anglo-French relations. The criticism contained in that article, that a selfish, aggressive nationalism represents the true mind of France in foreign affairs, is one which has for years been levelled by French writers against British policy, and is, in both cases, more the outcome of national prejudice than of unbiased study. The casual dismissal of the years 1870 to 1910 as being a mere abnormal episode in an otherwise systematically jingo policy constitutes a grave injustice to the many Frenchmen who have for years been striving to give a different orientation to French policy, and who, as a matter of fact, nearly succeeded in settling by peaceful methods the points at issue between France and Germany—how nearly can be seen by the Nationalists' hasty seizure of power in 1912, and two years later by the murder of Jaurès.

It is, after all, in France that the international ideal was first formulated, and the struggle for mastery between the peace party and the militarist supplies a better key to the understanding of French foreign policy than the united pursuit by the people of aggressive aims, as the above article suggests. That the militarist school has usually been victorious does not mean that it has held the field unchallenged, and instead of identifying the real France with the policy which has produced the Treaty of Versailles and the present state of Europe, the least we can do is not to make it harder for peace-loving Frenchmen to produce in their country one of those revolutions in public opinion by which France has more than once set her house in order. We have already witnessed the drastic cleansing process by which France swept clean the Augean stable of her internal politics after the Dreyfus scandals; there are some of us who have faith enough to believe that she will some day apply a similar process to her foreign policy of the last ten years. She is no more herself now than she was between 1894 and 1898; she will yet be herself again.—Yours, &c.,

ROGER H. SOLTAU.

249, Hyde Park Road, Leeds.

[We spoke of the "governing" mind of France, not of the saving intelligence of the French people. There, we agree with our correspondent, lies the hope of the future.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

THE INDIAN SPINNING-WHEEL.

SIR,—The President of the fourth session of the National Liberal Federation, held at Allahabad on December 28th, 1921, is reported to have said: "The spinning-wheel as such has no political complexion about it, and the Government would (can?) easily divorce it from politics by ceasing to have for it the excessive dread that it has at present." This frank statement has been publicly made about the supposed mind of the Government regarding their attitude towards the spinning-wheel. It is now time for the Government to issue an official *communiqué* that they have no wish to discourage hand-spinning and hand-weaving by the people; also to take steps to give it widest publicity throughout the land, from the District Magistrates to the Mafussil Paharawallahs. In this connection, it will be a graceful act on the part of the mill-owners of Lancashire (dominant factors) to express their sympathy with the new-born enthusiasm of the Indians to restore their ancient home-industry (based upon economic utilitarianism) in spinning and weaving, and that they entertain no dread of this industrial effort. The introduction of spinning-wheel and hand-loom is intended for ameliorating the condition of the starving agricultural laborers and working classes, who labor for miserable wages.—Yours, &c.,

SAILENDRA KRISHNA DELE.

9, Old Post Office Street, Calcutta.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

SIR,—Your scientific reviewer deals, in a recent issue, with the theory which has sprung up since the discovery of radio-active substances, namely, that the immensely long periods of solar radiation and the æons of time required to satisfy the testimony of terrestrial geology may be accounted for by the presence in the sun, earth, &c., of radio-active substances. This is in contrast to the older method, which relied on gravitational contraction only for the heat supply. It has, however, a very grave drawback: it accounts for certain phenomena by assuming others which are still more difficult to account for. Whence came the radio-active substances? The gravitational hypothesis had at least the merit of being self-contained. It started from nothing but a nebulous mass, and evolved therefrom a definite quantity of energy. The new hypothesis does nothing of the kind. It starts at a point when immense quantities of energy are already evolved and stored in concentrated form in the shape of radio-active substances. How is it proposed to account for this? The difficulty is merely shifted from the post-radio-active to the pre-radio-active period. For the latter apparently vastly greater periods of time than anything yet suggested would be required, in order to produce and concentrate this immense quantity of energy. Nothing is indicated not merely as to a probable but even a possible source of this energy, since *ex hypothesi* it is far too great to have been obtained from gravitational contraction.—Yours, &c.,

S. L. SALZEDO.

THE UNIVERSITY LABOR FEDERATION.

SIR,—May we request the hospitality of your columns for the purpose of again bringing to the notice of your readers the existence of the University Labor Federation? The Federation, which was formed in March last, now links up eight University Labor Clubs or parties, and it is hoped in the near future to bring in every University in the country. In addition, individual membership is open to all graduates, students and ex-students of Universities, University Colleges, and similar organizations. By this means it is hoped to provide University men and women interested in the policy and activities of the Labor Movement with the opportunity of rendering assistance to the cause of Labour, especially during the coming General Election, and furthering the development of University opinion on Labor and Socialist questions, both nationally and internationally.

We therefore appeal to all University people so interested to join the Individual Members' Group of the Federation. Subscriptions of 2s. 6d. per annum, or £1 1s. life membership, should be sent to Mr. E. Davies, at 45, Regent Square, W.C. 1.—Yours, &c.,

K. LINDSAY,

Chairman of E.C.
ARTHUR HENDERSON (Jr.),
Hon. Sec. U.L.F.

MR. BELLOC AND TERRORISM.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw's favorable review in your columns of Trotsky's "Defence of Terrorism" is amusing, and even instructive, although there appears to be far too much Shaw and far too little Trotsky.

There is, however, in existence a much more "unimpeachable" defence of Terrorism, because written by a most respectable *bourgeois* historian, Mr. Hilaire Belloc to wit.

In his volume on "The French Revolution" in the Home University Library (published by Williams & Norgate) Mr. Belloc, on pages 79 and 80, writes as follows:—

"Those months which may be roughly called the months of the Terror were, as we shall see later in this book, months of martial law; and the *Terror* was *simply martial law in action*—a method of enforcing the military defence of the country and of punishing all those who interfered with it, or were supposed by the Committee of Public Safety to interfere with it." [My italics.]

The Russian "Tcheka" is, of course, merely the Soviet equivalent of the French revolutionary "Committee of Public Safety."—Yours, &c.,

A. P. L.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE strong and sustained rise in the New York exchange continues to be a feature in the financial world. The continuance of this movement lends especial interest to the remarks of Mr. F. C. Goodenough, the chairman of Barclay's Bank, to which I referred last week. Mr. Goodenough, it will be remembered, hopes for a continuance of the approximation of gold and sterling prices which will render further monetary deflation unnecessary. It would also, of course, mercifully preclude the necessity for considering devaluation. Some leading experts regard a close approximation of gold and sterling prices as so forlorn a hope that they are not only reconciled to, but are keen advocates of, devaluation of the £ sterling as a step towards stability. Mr. McKenna in his address to the shareholders of the London Joint City and Midland Bank last week painted with great power the evils of both inflation and deflation, and urged the need for stability. Some devaluationists are inclined to deduce from this that the great weight of his opinion is on their side. This would seem to be a rather forced and rash interpretation of his remarks. Sir W. H. N. Goschen, of the National Provincial and Union Bank of England, spoke in terms of violent opposition to devaluation. He quoted, with much point, the saying: "It is bad enough to be poor, but to look poor is the devil." The psychological argument is strong, and at first sight devaluation is naturally repugnant. But there is much misunderstanding of the real meaning and effect of the process, and it is now recognized that in many countries, whose currencies have plumbed the depths of depreciation, it will be essential. Time will show whether here also the policy will have to be seriously considered. Be the circumstances what they may, there will be, as Sir Henry Goschen's speech shows, very strong opposition.

MR. MCKENNA'S SURVEY.

Mr. McKenna has a happy way of illustrating in a few lucid words the most complex problems. In explaining how the great break in the world's circle of trade was at the root of our troubles, he said: "If Russia fails to buy tea in China or India, our Eastern market for cottons is narrowed, the United States sells less raw cotton to us, and our shipping, banking, and insurance business is impaired." This illustration could be matched by a hundred and one others, but it suffices as an example of the reasons why, "though our plans to foster our export trade by the grant of special credit facilities may be a temporary palliative, the only lasting solution of the problem is by the re-establishment of genuine peace and an ordered system of government throughout Europe." Mr. McKenna voices responsible financial opinion when he says that "an essential preliminary of the restoration of Europe is to settle the terms of the German indemnity upon a sound economic basis," and he explained clearly the reasons for revision of amount and method of payment. This is the crux of the world problem. Until Britain and France have found some common ground—and sound economic ground—on this matter the opportunity of the Genoa Conference for usefulness will be practically confined to the Russian problem, which Dr. Nansen has so forcibly expounded this week. Dr. Walter Leaf, speaking to-day at the meeting of the London County Westminster and Parr's Bank, stated that "our first policy should be to help Germany on to her legs again," and pleaded for "free intercourse untrammelled by any artificial restrictions."

STOCK MARKET POSITION.

The slight reaction that has occurred in the gilt-edged market may probably be regarded as a passing phase—a breathing space after the long upward movement and the recent strong demand. Brokers, at any rate, are fairly confident of the early resumption of activity, which, indeed, showed signs of beginning yesterday. News from India this week has raised some apprehensions, and it is easy to understand that after the violent activity centring in the new issue market last week—applications for the Anglo-Persian Preference issue alone are said to have approached £50 mil-

lions—the investment world has been suffering from a touch of indigestion. The vivacity of Home Railway ordinary stocks has been the feature of the week, the market liking the early dividend announcements. Statistics published this week by the "Bankers' Magazine" show that between December 19th last and January 18th twenty-eight representative stocks in this market increased in market value by 7.8 per cent. The "Bankers' Magazine" has revised the list of stocks upon which its monthly calculations are based, and brought it up to date by the inclusion of war issues and other new stocks. It records that between December 19th and January 18th 387 representative securities of all classes rose by £113.7 millions, or 2 per cent.—a big rise for a single month. Of this rise £70 millions is accounted for by Government stocks, only about half of which are, however, covered by our contemporary's list. Rubber and oil shares make the worst showing, with declines on the month of 7.4 and 4.2 per cent. respectively. With rubber hovering around 9d. per lb. rubber shares have naturally sunk back into the depths of disappointment. In spite of the laudable efforts of the Rubber Growers' and Rubber Shareholders' Associations, rubber hopes are deferred, and must wait upon trade revival.

THE DUNLOP LOSSES.

The Report of the Dunlop Rubber Company published this week discloses a loss of over £8 millions—an experience probably unparalleled in the history of British industrial concerns. On actual trading the year's operations produced a profit, and the colossal loss is due almost entirely to the fall in the values of stocks. In the boom period the company was preparing for great expansion, and apparently bought enormous stocks of raw materials at the very top of the market. The result will stand in history as the classic example of overbuying at the wrong moment, due to blind optimism as to boom continuance. It is little use crying over spilt milk, and it may be assumed that no one wishes more fervently than those who were then the directors that they had listened to the warnings of economists and financial experts that the bubble of artificial boom was bound to be pricked. The more pertinent question for shareholders is, how the wreckage can be salvaged. The only consolation at the moment is that in the report the present directors appear to be perfectly frank in their disclosure of the tragic failure of the boom period policy. It appears that the present directors have during the past year pursued the soundest financial policy open to them in the dire circumstances with which they were faced. If they are to restore prosperity to the shareholders, the task before them is still very severe. The path would seem to lie through drastic reconstruction, and one can only hope that their arduous struggle will be made easier by a trade revival. The company, I believe, is trading at a profit to-day, and, one hopes, will eventually regain prosperity. But I am afraid shareholders will have a long time in which to chew over the bitter cud of disastrous experience.

CURRENT NOTES.

Revenue continues to come in well; Treasury Bond sales were still heavy last week; and the floating debt has been reduced by another £36 millions—making a reduction of about £95 millions in a fortnight. The Geddes Report remains unpublished, and those who prophesy a reduction in income-tax and those who proclaim it to be impossible remain well divided. Perhaps some light will be thrown on the question when the Chancellor interviews representatives of the Federation of British Industries in the middle of this month.

The Shell Trading and Transport Company propose an increase of capital to £43 millions by the creation of 10 million 7 per cent. second preference shares. But when an issue will be made is not known.

At the moment of writing insurance circles are still greatly worried over the development of trouble in connection with one or two concerns especially engaged in re-insurance. A statement has been daily expected from the directors of the City Equitable Fire, in view of the slump in the shares.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

LORD CREWE, a survivor of the ancient race of statesmen who were also men of letters, gave an address the other day on some English writers upon the countryside. He did not deal specifically with the poets, whose relations to nature lay outside the scope of his subject, and whoever does so is in real danger of losing his wits. The theme is one of the oldest and thorniest in criticism; it excites the most violent controversy, and the civil war rages as vigorously to-day as it did in the days of Dryden, Rymer, Dennis, Johnson, Hazlitt, and the authors of the "Lyrical Ballads." Three words tell us what the battle is about—"Truth to Nature"; three million winged and barbed words have failed to settle it. It may be that no general principles upon which to reconcile the combatants exist—except the principle of relativity, or that each soldier (as so often in wars) is as much on the right side as his foe.

* * *

THE question whether the poet, whose subject is natural life or landscape, should know what he is talking about, looks guilelessly simple. It is axiomatic that he should, we say; the truth of a general survey of "nature-poetry" shows that he does not. The "nature-poet" and the scientific expert whose life is passed in a natural history museum are popularly assumed to represent opposing attitudes to life; in two respects, however, extremes meet in a common kinship—of each the proper study is the living world, and both join hands in a common ignorance of it. It may be questioned whether this is true of the poet. Tennyson is the stock example cited by critics who have not read Professor Miall's destructive analysis of his natural knowledge; but, on the whole, and allowing for notable exceptions, the evidence on the other side is overwhelming. No country is richer or more glorious in "nature-poetry" than our own; rarely does the poet know more about the first half of his subject than the average man, and it is arguable that in the stricter application of the term England has produced but one nature-poet in her literary history—John Clare. The real question at issue is whether a knowledge of natural truth is in any way relevant to nature-poetry. Obviously the latter cannot be swept aside, because its writers do not know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw. It is Wordsworth who says: "The appropriate business of poetry . . . is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they

seem to exist to the senses, and to the passions." Colored photography, the touched-up imitation of nature, is at best a bastard art, and to compete with nature by stealing her thunder and shutting it up in a musical-box is grotesque.

* * *

YET even in a work of pure imagination like "Kubla Khan" the sacred river does not run backwards on its course; the scene is not phantasmal, and the poet builds his cloud-capped eerie upon the solid laws of the natural order. The example of Coleridge is, indeed, more than a straw to the rash adventurer upon this dispute, whelmed in a sunless sea of argument. The landscape painting in "The Ancient Mariner" is as delicately precise, as observant, as scrupulously defined and as veracious as a seedsman's catalogue, and a poem more richly dyed in magic than any other in the language responds as promptly as a reflex action to Blake's "To generalize is to be an idiot. To particularize is the great distinction of merit." And it was Coleridge who properly abused the poets who "Heave their sighs O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains," and harness nature to the water-cart. Not that the poet's relation to nature should or could ever be descriptive and objective alone. The eighteenth-century pastoralists made the mistake of trying to reproduce nature as they knew her—"Follow Nature first" is what they all say—by a process of unnatural language, which is quite a different thing from seeing things as they are, and modifying and transforming them into the mysterious ferment we recognize as poetry. The Elizabethans, on the other hand, were on better emotional terms with nature, but we are often repelled by what seems to us a wrong way of commingling human feeling with the life of nature. Flowers, fields, and animals were so much "business" and "property" in the staging of human passion, and inanimate lumber again when the play was over, while nature was a general shop keeper usefully combining the functions of "artist-colorman" and costumier. But when Wordsworth makes an analogy like "more dreary cold than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow," he suggests a particular use as distinguished from a general exploitation of natural life, which keeps the balance between truth to nature and truth to art, and explores a *terra nova* reached by knowledge and observation, whose possibilities for poetic simile and illustration are incomparably richer than any to be got out of fable, legend, myth, or picturesque convention.

* * *

SHELLEY's landscape is a difficult case, because it is more purely visionary (as Francis Thompson's is not) than that of any other poet. But we rightly regard him as a kind of doctor in the laws of universal truth, a seer of the reality of nature's essence (*natura naturans*, as Coleridge learnedly expounds it), rather than of her "fair, sweet face" (*natura naturata*). At any rate, a "nature-poet" should surely reveal the common beauty of the world in all its rarity, and, whether through his senses or his soul, take the measure of the nature of things. Love and blindness need not always go together.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

WHEN dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house (Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course; most sweet and generous!)—but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion. Even before the sacking was taken off. And when it was —

There stood the doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell? It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

"Open it quickly, someone!"

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat prized it open with his penknife, and the whole house-front swung back, and—there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! That is— isn't it?—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel. . . .

"O-oh!" The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvellous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil, and that moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well—to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

"I'm to tell," said Isabel, "because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first."

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might."

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the courtyard they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come traipsing through the house. But just

to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased. . .

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the tarred palings of the boys' playground the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, "Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was all the children of the neighborhood, the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the store-keeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behavior, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in "bits" given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge table-cloth of the Burnells, with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went, our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round and sneered, Lil, as usual, gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia broke in. "You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel."

"Oh, yes," said Isabel, "and there's a teeny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that

stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one."

"The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. "Isabel's my friend."

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, "Have you seen Burnells' doll's house? Oh, ain't it lovely!" "Haven't you seen it? Oh, I say!"

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of johnny cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper soaked with large red blobs. . . .

"Mother," said Kezia, "can't I ask the Kelveys just once?"

"Certainly not, Kezia."

"But why not?"

"Run away, Kezia; you know quite well why not."

At last everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their paper, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

"Lil Kelvey's going to be a servant when she grows up."

"O-oh, how awful!" said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie.

Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions. "It's true—it's true—it's true," said she.

Then Lena Logan's little eyes snapped. "Shall I ask her?" she whispered.

"Bet you don't," said Jessie May.

"Pooh, I'm not frightened," said Lena. Suddenly she gave a little squeal and danced in front of the other girls. "Watch! Watch me! Watch me now!" said Lena. And sliding, gliding, dragging one foot, giggling behind her hand, Lena went over to the Kelveys.

Lil looked up from her dinner. She wrapped the rest quickly away. Our Else stopped chewing. What was coming now?

"Is it true you're going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey?" shrilled Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering, Lil only gave her silly, shamefaced smile. She didn't seem to mind the question at all. What a sell for Lena! The girls began to titter.

Lena couldn't stand that. She put her hands on her hips; she shot forward. "Yah, yer father's in prison!" she hissed, spitefully.

This was such a marvellous thing to have said that the little girls rushed away in a body, deeply, deeply excited, wild with joy. Someone found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as on that morning.

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went upstairs to change their pinafores. But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, look-

ing along the road, she saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming towards her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she had made up her mind; she swung out.

"Hullo," she said, to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped. Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

"You can come and see our doll's house if you want to," said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

"Why not?" asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, "Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us."

"Oh, well," said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. "It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking."

But Lil shook her head still harder.

"Don't you want to?" asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big, imploring eyes; she was frowning; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

"There it is," said Kezia.

There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as a stone.

"I'll open it for you," said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

"There's the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that's the —."

"Kezia!"

Oh, what a start they gave!

"Kezia!"

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

"How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard?" said her cold, furious voice. "You know as well as I do you're not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don't come back again," said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

"Off you go immediately!" she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, Lil huddling along like her mother, our Else dazed, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

"Wicked, disobedient little girl!" said Aunt Beryl bitterly to Kezia, and she slammed the doll's house to.

The afternoon had been awful. A letter had come from Willie Brent, a terrifying, threatening letter, saying if she did not meet him that evening in Pulman's Bush, he'd come to the front door and ask the reason why! But now that she had frightened those little rats of Kelveys and given Kezia a good scolding, her heart felt lighter. That ghastly pressure was gone. She went back to the house humming.

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnells, they sat down to rest on a big red drainpipe by the side of the road. Lil's cheeks were still burning; she took off the hat with the quill and held it on her knee. Dreamily they looked over the hay paddocks, past the creek, to the group of wattles where Logan's cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts?

Presently our Else nudged up close to her sister. By now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's quill; she smiled her rare smile.

"I seen the little lamp," she said, softly.

Then both were silent once more.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Reviews.

THE POETS LAUREATE.

The Laureateship: a Study of the Office of Poet Laureate in England. By E. K. BROADUS. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 15s.)

It is hard for an Englishman of this generation to take Poets Laureate seriously. He can take Dr. Bridges seriously, of course; indeed, he had better. But that is because he is Dr. Bridges. One can safely say that Dr. Bridges did not become more important to anybody, except the Lord Chamberlain's book-keeper, by becoming Poet Laureate. Perhaps a few people tried to read his poems who had never tried before; but they gave it up. Now, if it had been Mr. Kipling. . . . Probably it ought to have been Mr. Kipling. The man in the street can understand Mr. Kipling's poetry, and it is no worse poetry for that. Still, it is a good job it wasn't Mr. Kipling. His hymns of hate during the war would have been too painful to remember.

The appointment of Alfred Austin killed the Laureateship. It takes much less to kill such an office than to revive it. The successive appointments of Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, culminating in a poet whom the *cognoscenti* could not neglect and the general public adored, had slowly rescued the office from moribundity. The choice of the leader-writer of the "Standard" reduced its vitality to zero once more. At the least it will require two appointments of excellence equal to Dr. Bridges' to get it alive again. It will require more even than that—the appointment of a poet who, like Tennyson, should at once have the approval of the people normally interested in poetry, and the adoration of the public at large. Such a choice, for many reasons, is likely to become less and less possible. The reading public has been multiplied tenfold in the last fifty years, while the interest in poetry has remained where it was. A novelist Laureate might be conceivable.

The best thing would be to let the office end honorably with Dr. Bridges. It is an anomaly always, and it is only by accident that it is not an insult as well. Even at the best it is not very comforting to know that the poet whom the powers that be presumably consider the most distinguished of his day is entitled to wear the uniform of "an officer of the Household of the fourth class." In the eighteenth century he immediately preceded the Royal Rat-Catcher, and doubtless he would still if the Rat-Catcher had not been abolished. Nevertheless, though it is an anomaly, it is an interesting one, and Professor Broadus has done well in exploring this bypath of literary history. There were times when a poet thought himself very lucky to come after the Royal Barber and before the Royal Rat-Catcher. Probably Shakespeare would have thought so. It is worth while to be reminded of these things.

Professor Broadus has applied himself to answering the simple question: Who were the English Poets Laureate? And the question turns out to be by no means as simple as it seems. Most of us have a touching faith that the first was Chaucer. We have a vague memory that he received a pension and some wine from his then Majesty. The wine seems to settle it. The tierce of Canary has always struck the imagination. But though Dryden and a great many more equally distinguished people have believed that Chaucer was the first Poet Laureate, it turns out that he was something far more distinguished. Chaucer was a Gentleman of the Household with a taste for poetry. His pension and his wine were payment for ordinary services rendered. Professor Broadus makes it quite clear that two traditions have been frequently confused—the tradition of poets holding some kind of official Court appointment, as Chaucer did, and the tradition at Oxford of appointing someone to the degree of poet laureate of the University. Such a laureate was Skelton:—

"At Oxforth, the universite
Avaunsid I was to that degree;
By hole consent of their senate
I was made poete laureate."

The two traditions became almost inextricably confounded in the person of Bernard Andreas, a blind Frenchman who was attached to the Court of Henry VII. He was apparently a

University laureate; he received a pension as *versificator regis*; and he was also appointed Historiographer Royal. But still, even he was not Poet Laureate. There was no such office. Spenser and Daniel have their place in the traditional list. But Professor Broadus disposes of their claims also. Spenser received a pension of £50 in 1591, but was appointed to no office, while Daniel was appointed to two offices, but neither of them was the Poet Laureateship. He was Licensor of Plays and Groom of the Bedchamber.

We feel that we get on to safe ground at last with Ben Jonson. It is hard to think of him except as a Poet Laureate. But no! In 1616 he received a pension of 100 marks, and in 1630 his pension was increased to £100 and a tierce of Canary. Moreover, he wrote innumerable masques for the Court. But the warrant did not appoint him to the Laureateship, though its terms were gratifying enough:—

"Knowe yee now that wee for divers good considerations us at this present especially moving and in consideration of the good and acceptable service done to us and our said father by the said Benjamin Johnson and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his witt and penn which we have enjoined unto him and which we expect from him . . ."

Nevertheless, though Jonson was never Poet Laureate, it is reasonable to reckon that the office began with him. For after the interregnum of the Commonwealth it was believed that he was. The emolument he received eventually became the fixed salary of the Laureate until this day, although the unworthy fellow Pye had the bad taste to demand that the tierce of Spanish Canary wine should be commuted for its value in money. He sacrificed the glory of a tierce of Canary for a beggarly £27 a year. Davenant, indeed, who received a similar pension to that of Ben Jonson in 1638, got no wine. But Ben's Canary must have made an impression upon his literary contemporaries vivid enough to last through the Commonwealth, and Dryden, when he was at last really appointed by warrant to the combined office of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal in 1670, saw to it that the pipe of Canary was restored.

There seems no doubt that the title of Poet Laureate received a popular and perhaps also a semi-official recognition some time between Ben Jonson's first pension and the beginning of the Commonwealth. Both Jonson and Davenant were frequently called Poets Laureate by their contemporaries, and after the Restoration, Davenant, who could not recover his pension, had to take solace in the fact that his title was recognized at Court. Six days after his death a warrant was issued "for a grant to John Dryden of the Office of Poet Laureate, void by the death of Sir William Davenant."

But even though the appointment of Dryden to the office is beyond doubt, there is still a certain mystery attached to it. Davenant had not succeeded in getting his pension continued at the Restoration, so that Dryden was appointed in 1668 to an office without emolument. It was not till 1670, when he was made Historiographer Royal, in a patent which combined both titles, that he received his £200 and the pipe of Canary. Since Dryden's predecessor as Historiographer, James Howell, had received merely £200 a year, it is reasonable to assume that the Canary was reckoned as the emolument of the Poet Laureate. We can well imagine that Dryden insisted upon it. And so perhaps it would have remained had not Dryden, somewhere about 1680, received an extra £100 a year. Shadwell, likewise, was appointed to both offices. But when in 1691 Thomas Rymer became Historiographer and Nahum Tate Poet Laureate, it was necessary to fix the separate salaries. It was done by simple arithmetic. If a Poet Laureate and a Historiographer Royal together get £300 and a pipe of Canary, and a Historiographer Royal gets £200, how much does a Poet Laureate get? The answer seems to be £100 and a pipe of Canary. But it is not necessarily accurate. Other equally satisfactory answers are Nothing, or A pipe of Canary.

The sentimental answer is undoubtedly a pipe of Canary. The name of the Poet Laureate's wine could not be more appropriate. Unfortunately, as soon as it was secured to them they left off singing. Nahum Tate has become the first of a succession of figures of fun. Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye—their names were not happy. But, for some reason—probably partly to do with Tate and Brady, partly with his Christian name—Nahum Tate has

suffered more obloquy than the rest. Yet if a modern Poet Laureate had written, as Tate did, "While shepherds watch their flocks by night," the boldest critic would think twice before throwing a brick at him in public; while as for Rowe, a man who produced the first critical edition of Shakespeare, wrote a play ("Tamerlane") which was annually produced at Drury Lane until Waterloo year, made a paraphrase of Lucan's "Pharsalia" which Dr. Johnson called "one of the greatest productions of English poetry," and was esteemed the best of good company by the exacting Alexander Pope, might reasonably have entertained more hope of immortality than most of the people who have since laughed at him.

But Rowe died in 1718. Under the Georges all hopes for the office withered and died. At the same time that the first of the least inspiring set of English monarchs deposited his Hanoverian body on the throne of England and began to wonder how the apple got into the dumpling, the custom was established that the Poet Laureate must supply two odes in his honor every year, to be sung to music on the King's Birthday or New Year's Day. It was only natural: if the Poets Laureate did not write odes to the Georges no one else would. But Dryden himself would have been flattened under such an imposition. Who can be angry with Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye? They earned their money; they wrote their odes; mortal man could not have done more. And he must be a very sour-tempered perfectionist who does not get a certain pleasure from the thought of the genial Colley Cibber shrugging his shoulders and shaking the deluge of lampoons and broadsides from his good-humored back. "I wrote more to be fed than to be famous," he said in his "Letter to Pope." It is pleasant to think that the Laureateship helped to feed him to the ripe old age of eighty-six.

It may be heresy, but personally I much prefer the Cibbers and the Eusdens, with their conception of the office as a tolerable little annuity for two very boring pieces of work, to Southey's grandiose idea of it, and himself. His perpetual references to "his being graced with England's laurel crown":—

"And that green wreath which decks the Bard when dead,
That laureate garland, crowns my living head,"

make us feel that his succession to Pye had been too much for him. It is pretty certain that it does not do for a Laureate to take his office too seriously as an office. The best way of wearing that somewhat equivocal laurel is to be unconscious of it, to regard it as a small official tribute to one's own poetic merits. This is the way Wordsworth wore it, and the method has been revived by Dr. Bridges. He has written no odes to the King, and Mr. Bottomley will certainly ask why he has not, like Tennyson, written a marriage ode for Princess Mary; instead he has written a magnificent Tercentenary Ode to Shakespeare.

But Pye is the villain of the story. To change a tierce of Spanish Canary for six pounds fifteen paid quarterly! And he was the editor of "The Sportsman's Encyclopædia." His only chance of redemption will be to prove that he had a good taste in liquor, and found that the King's Butler—a shady character since the days of Joseph—had been putting him off with swipes.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

ROMANCE.

Jurgen. By J. BRANCH CABELL. (Lane, 25s.)

The Triumph of the Egg. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. (New York: Huebsch. \$2.)

If you can remember that you look picturesque in chain-armor, instead of simply being acutely aware of your physical discomfort, you are a romantic. Women, to generalize, are to-day more romantic than men, in that they still habitually endure discomfort because they think the garb of it is picturesque. To indulge successfully in romance you must always be ready to abandon commonsense and ease, and, at the last, put beauty and imagination aside for the sake of fashion and fancy. People who habitually occupy romantic positions—kings, prelates, heralds, and fashionable women—are nearly always realists: for them the drudgery of detail,

for the looker-on the picture and the glitter. It is the main task of imagination in art to kill romance; to insist that life itself is more exciting than any of its trappings, that power is more awful than robe and sceptre and orb, that the mere elements at Mass are infinitely greater than all the glory of vestments and incense, that bacon and eggs at breakfast with one's wife is a more thrilling feast than all the ceremonial banquetings of the Venusberg. That is the moral of "Jurgen."

Mr. Cabell takes a long time to get to it. He compels his reader to wander through the highways and byways of romanticism with the middle-aged pawnbroker who recovers his youth and goes a-whoring after the gods and loves of Greece and Egypt and Rome, the fairy-tales of Europe, and the song fables of the Middle Ages. Jurgen is a slave to the *amourette*—to use a French word for which we have no English. Mr. Cabell is a slave, for two-thirds of his book, to Jurgen; and the reader will, it is only fair to warn him, get bored with Mr. Cabell's diligent ingenuity and laborious whimsicality. Mr. Cabell has revolted against the Puritanism of New England with an earnestness which he has borrowed from his opponents. His improprieties are of a determination! Never does he let an opportunity slip, though he can scarcely be said to improve it. As Flaubert sweated for the right word with one precise meaning, so Mr. Cabell sweats for the word with two meanings—each of them indifferently decent; and one hardly knows whether to deplore his arduous labor or that of the society in America which has given his book the advertisement of suppression. Over here Mr. Cabell's industrious efforts to shock will not excite; but it would be a pity if boredom at this aspect of his book were allowed to distract us from its merits.

To begin with, "Jurgen" does most successfully reproduce the atmosphere of the fairy-tale. There is in it the grave inconsequence, or, rather, the comic consequence, of the folk-story. From the very moment that Jurgen meets the mysterious stranger, and is rewarded for his defence of an important and infernal Personage, we accept him as a character of legend. Not a great character. It is ridiculous to speak of Jurgen in the same breath as Pantagruel or Peer Gynt. He is the lowest common measure of the picaresque myth: an ungentelemanly companion for the ungentelemanly persons in the "Satyricon" of Petronius. His very lusts are ignoble, and have neither the dignity of passion nor the gloom of desperation. What is the matter with him and his creator is that they have no gusto, no zest. Mr. Cabell writes not from enthusiasm, but from a deep accidia.

So we felt until the last quarter of the book, in which Jurgen visits Hell and Heaven. The visit to Hell quickens Mr. Cabell's fancy. His picture of the damned complaining of the quality of the coal, the feebleness of the flames, and the slackness of the devils has a sardonic humor of an individual kind—humor like that of S. H. Sime's drawings in the early volumes of "Pick-Me-Up." It is good, witty comment on the pride which is the root of all human sin. And when Jurgen gets to Heaven Mr. Cabell's humor deepens and broadens. For the first time he loses a certain cruelty which has pervaded the book; he is tender, and though his tenderness is rather superior, it is sincere. Jurgen's dialogue with his grandmother's God is beautiful in the way that any confession of sin is beautiful, even though the sinner is a trifle self-complacent. After his journeys Jurgen is restored to his previous age, to his old home, and to his wife, for although he is given a chance of winning Helen, the ideal beauty, Helen is not for the fanciful romantic; and so Jurgen goes back to use and wont, perhaps to find at home what he has vainly looked for abroad—justice. If he finds it, he will be as disconcerted as any human being with so terrible a visitation.

Mr. Anderson is also anxious that America should recognize the need and the claims of beauty. In this volume of short stories he has produced work far better than anything we should have expected from the author of "Poor White"; he has learnt to concentrate, and although his writing is still rather unmelodious, it has gained in reticence and dignity. The title-story is an essay in the comically tragic, telling quite simply the agonies of a sensitive child brought up on a poultry farm—his violent reaction to the dreadful continuity of the problem "why eggs had to be,

and why from the egg came the hen who again laid the egg." In brief, that sentence puts the whole significance of much recent American fiction, of "Main Street," of "The Narrow House," of "Dust." They are all occupied with people who have to do pioneer work and have not got the pioneer nerves; people who have not the character to rebel against the worship of wealth, and of material prosperity, but have sufficient of the artistic temperament to chafe at industrial supremacy. Mr. Anderson presents the problem from many angles; and he writes always with due attention to the characters of his stories. He never invents people merely to fill out a thesis. He is not himself hopeful as to the future. We feel that his convictions are expressed in a speech he gives to one of his characters:—

"The red men, although they are practically all gone, still own the American continent! Their fancy has peopled it with ghosts, with gods and devils. It is because in their time they loved the land. . . . We have given our towns no beautiful names of our own because we have not built the towns beautifully. When an American town has a beautiful name it was stolen from another race, from a race that still owns the land in which we live. We are all strangers here. When you are alone at night in the country, anywhere in America, try giving yourself to the night. You will find that death only resides in the conquering whites, and that life remains in the red men who are gone."

There is a certain false romance in this. We can understand Mr. Anderson's revulsion at such city names as Pickleville; but he should not think that words like Pickles or Pig-styes are less beautiful in idea than Pixies or Buttercups. There is no outlet for the dull monotony of every-day things by evasion or escape, which is the way of romance. The outlet can only be found in a transfiguration, which is the way of imagination.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

Shooting Trips in Europe and Algeria. By HUGH P. HIGHTON. (Witherby. 16s.)

Among the Hill Folk of Algeria. By M. W. HILTON-SIMPSON. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

THE claims of any man to civilization may be gauged by three simple tests: his attitude to animals, to servants, and to women. Judged by the first alone, Mr. Hugh P. Highton is still a needy and hard-driven toiler of the Palæolithic age. Like the Cro-Magnon men, he pursues the reindeer, elk, and chamois undeterred by the annoyances of fatigue, exposure, or early rising; his exertions, like theirs, exhibit the desperate devotion which springs from urgent physical necessity. Yet amply nourished and substantially clothed, Mr. Highton indulges the full play of Palæolithic instincts free from the faintest menace either of nakedness or hunger. The Norwegian bear is not a table delicacy; the mouflon, *aroui*, and gazelle are of low sartorial value; whilst the chamois and the Barbary sheep (the latter, owing to the exertions of Mr. Highton and his like, rapidly disappearing from the earth) reward their captors only by the trophies of their horns. Readers who share Mr. Highton's place in Time will enjoy his descriptions of wounded elks plunging in their agonies into the sea, only to be shot as they swim; of stricken ewes, bleeding freely and hard pursued, and finally "finished" by their pursuers; and of chamois in terror made to leap 600 feet on to the stones below. Latter-day Palæoliths, however, may possibly deplore the substitution of their ancestors' spirited portraits of live reindeer and mammoth by the camera's uninspired record of limp carcasses beneath the heels of knickerbockered captors, which is all the art that Mr. Highton's book affords. The reviewer, who owns to somewhat later sympathies, ploughs through these pages in pain only rarely and momentarily alleviated by the author's description of his discomfiture when an animal escapes him, or of a miserable night of cold and fleas spent after a fruitless day.

Cambridge undergraduates born some aeons too late will read with admiration Mr. Hilton-Simpson's interesting accounts of the social and domestic life of the hill folk of Algeria. The placid architecture of the Arabian oasis is undisfigured by any academies of female learning, nor have

the women of the Berber villages ever vexed their lords by the faintest demand for even titular degrees. On the contrary, the Oriental woman keeps her place with a constancy unshaken by the centuries. Perhaps it is not a very nice place. Mr. Simpson, who, with his wife, is among the very few to penetrate beyond the barred portals of the sun-baked mud houses, which turn blank, windowless walls to the street, describes the Arabian home as dark, dirty, and squalid in the extreme. In a single badly ventilated apartment, lit only by a door, and crowded with children, animals, old clothes, food, and objects of every description, the Berber woman carries on her unceasing labors of cooking, weaving, sewing, pot making, corn grinding, and child bearing, with no wider conception of the Universe than the view into her back garden, and no fuller acquaintance with mankind than the person of her lord. This home, from whose windows she may never peep, where she remains from the day when, as a bride of twelve, she first saw her husband's face, till she at last succumbs to illness or to one of those fatal accidents so common to elderly and unattractive women in Algerian villages, may seem to Western notions rather like a prison. Still, anyhow, there she remains—a jealously guarded treasure before the mention of whose name the courteous Arabian will apologize, as the Mohammedan apologizes before the mention of a pig.

Besides his investigation into the Arabian interior, which the presence of his wife alone rendered possible, Mr. Simpson made a careful collection of those strange growths in the regions of the unconscious mind which the Arabian shares with so many inhabitants of the West. Very old are these native superstitions, so old that their origins have nearly all been forgotten. The Berber can no more tell why a jinn should dislike the color of coral, or the smell of *asafœtida*, than a nursery-maid why it is dangerous to walk under a ladder, or an actress why it is unlucky to wear green. The Arabian is not perhaps more the slave of omen than the *habitués* of the green-room or the turf; but his vigilance, as Mr. Simpson shows us, is active and incessant. Wise men of all countries distrust flattery; but the Algerian, who has to reckon with the natural touchiness of a constitutionally jealous divinity, recognizes it for the menace it is. Did not a servant of Mr. Simpson one day show a new pair of French scissors to a friend who praised it liberally without attributing its excellent quality to the favor of God? And what happened? Instantly the scissors broke in half! The commonest source of anxiety, however, is that long-established and ubiquitous pest, the Evil Eye. How the Arab protects himself against this nuisance, the countless charms and amulets he is compelled to wear, the strange rites of sorceresses, and the remedies of scribes, form the subject of some of Mr. Simpson's most entertaining pages.

LIFE AND ITS HOMES.

The Haunts of Life. By Prof. J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., LL.D. (Melrose. 9s.)

PROFESSOR THOMSON is the fairy godmother of science, because he transfigures the facts not of nature but her human students. A sound test of a book for children is whether it instructs and interests adults, and from that "The Haunts of Life" emerges with colors flying. The subject is a favorite one with Professor Thomson, and he has dealt with it in a more compressed form in "The Wonder of Life." The expansion and simplification of a theme that can never be exhausted, afford his pictorial and expository powers their fullest scope, and the book makes that best of all fairy-tales—a true one.

There are six great "haunts of life," and Professor Thomson begins with the sea-shore, which includes all the seaweed-growing area to the extremity of the continental or island shelf. Its fauna, therefore, is as representative as its surroundings are diverse, its discipline severe, and its conditions constantly fluctuating. It was from the shore, no doubt, that all the original and revolutionary experiments in colonization were made, and shore life provides the best possible apprenticeship to them. Tidal rhythm, for one thing, set animals very early the acute problems of accommodating themselves

A GHASTLY PROCESSION

Manchester.



If you were to see a great crowd of men, women and little children condemned to an agonising death, and were told that for every £1 you gave you could set one of them free, you would give every penny you had, sell everything you possessed, to save every one you could.

Today 75 million Russian peasants—twice the population of London—the people who grew the corn for our cheap pre-war bread, are doomed to die unless others help. For £1 you can feed a fellow being for the five terrible months before the next harvest. Will you enable us to do it for you? Many a man has thought it worth while to give his own life to save another. YOU can save a life for ever. Think of the privilege—and the Responsibility!

This is no time for politics: while Governments and Conferences haggle these people are dying—and half the sufferers are little children.

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A LETTER FROM

Rev. Dr. R. F. HORTON

to the Editor of

PUBLIC OPINION

The Rev. Dr. R. F. HORTON, M.A., minister of Lyndhurst-road Congregational Church, Hampstead, has sent the following letter to the Editor of *Public Opinion*, and has given permission for its publication:—

Lyndhurst-road Church,
Hampstead, N.W. 3.

January 7, 1922.

To the Editor of *Public Opinion*.

Dear Sir,—

Real gratitude impels me to write. You sent me a copy of your paper some weeks ago. This led me to take it in. But I little thought what a boon was coming to me.

I cannot express strongly enough my admiration of the way in which the real thought of the week is collected and put into a few pages. In vain one tries to read all papers and magazines, and consequently one's view of the world is always partial and imperfect. But you do in a way read all, and give your readers the result of a great achievement in diligent searching and observation.

I am recommending those whom I can influence to read your paper. It is the wholesomest and the wisest thing I know in the modern Press. I dare say you have many acknowledgments as warm as mine—I hope you have,—but I write, as I said, impelled by sheer gratitude.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) ROBERT F. HORTON.

"A WONDERFUL CURE FOR PESSIMISM."

The Rev. Dr. Horton, in his sermon at Hampstead on New Year's Day, 1922, also said:—

"There is one little paper published which is a wonderful cure for the pessimism of our time. I refer to that little paper called *Public Opinion*.

"It gathers together the opinions of the papers on many subjects every week, and it is astonishing, when you gather together the real thought of our time, to see how full of hope, how full of noble purpose our country is, and it is astonishing to see how many noble things are said by almost all the papers in our country to-day.

"I think that if we could make it attractive to recognise what is good and bring it out into clean line and detail, so that men might realise it, we should be doing a great deal for the betterment of the world."

THREEPENCE WEEKLY.

A SPECIMEN COPY OF

PUBLIC OPINION

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER,

will be sent to any address on receipt of a postcard addressed to

MANAGER, "PUBLIC OPINION,"

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to the changes of salinity between sea and estuary, and of capturing the oxygen in the air after so readily securing it through the medium of gill-clefts and cutaneous respiration. The narrow shelf, again, is congested with crowds of applicants for foothold, and in no other part of the earth does selection scrutinize, sift, and reject so sharply. A dense population, competing with a variety of uncertain conditions, must learn or perish, and the immense range of device, expedient, and adaptation operating between the poles of hunger and love properly qualifies the shore as the school-master of evolution. The splitting up of life's habitations into well-defined zones is in itself one of the keys to evolution, and the many shore animals (crabs, for instance) which farm out their young to the cradle of the open sea's more indulgent surge, point, as Vaughan says, to their own ancestral homes before the buckling of the earth's crust opened new worlds to conquer. Pelagic conditions differ radically from littoral; their uniformity, the ample room, the abundance of food, the easing of competition, and other factors make the open sea the most suitable nursery for the incipient stages of life as life began in the primary ages, and as many young aquatic animals begin life to-day.

Before the discovery of the abyssal depths, mankind was thrown on its own resources for inventing hells—and made a good job of it, too. Since "Challenger" days we have one ready-made. Six miles below the ocean surface there is no landscape, nor change of seasons, nor warmth, nor growing thing, nor day, nor any voice to break the eternity of silence, winter, darkness, and monotony. Yet the dredge has never failed to drag up an abundant and changeful life from this watery Tophet, and one, too, in no way primitive. It was adventured from the lighted and friendly upper world, and the strangeness of the forms is the result merely of adaptations to suit particular conditions, particularly that of the enormous pressure of the tons of overlying water.

The transition to the fresh water seems an anti-climax. It is far more interesting in reality, for in this division occur the Odysseys of salmon, eel, and lamprey, the extraordinary inter-relationship of minnow and bitterling with the water-mussel, the parental offices of bullhead and stickleback, the epic of the association between small fishes and the decline of Greece, the transformation of swim-bladder to lung, the achievement of *Periophthalmus*, the miracle of the water-spider, which lives under water breathing air, and so on. Most animals, of course, go back to their original homes to breed, but the freshwaters show an exception in the larval stages of terrestrial insects, where the policy is security for the young.

The last two zones are the dry land and the air. After the establishment of land-plants (possibly, according to Dr. Church, from specialized seaweeds, not littoral *Algæ*) there were three great invasions of the land from the waters (the case of the crustacean wood-louse is hardly more than a permanent raid)—the worms, which acquired a bilateral symmetry, and head-brains in consequence; the air-breathing arthropods, the agents of cross-fertilization in plants; and the amphibian *Labyrinthodonts* of the Carboniferous, which reaped a three-chambered heart, fingers and toes, lungs, a movable tongue, and a voice as some of the spoils. In some ways the conquest of the land prescribed limitations, especially of movement, and the freedom of the waters was not recovered until the final mastery of the air by *Pterodactyls*, insects, birds, and several families of mammals. Such are a few of the mere headlines of Professor Thomson's book; it would be difficult to do justice to the variety, significance, and scope of its contents.

From the Publishers' Table.

THE Seafarers' Education Service side of the World Association for Adult Education send us another very interesting report of the use made of a crew's library during the four months' voyage of a liner. The ship's company numbered 166—36 belonging to the deck department, 62 to the engines, and 68 to the victualling department. One hundred and twenty-four made use of the crew's library, and borrowed 1,042 volumes—that is, each man

read eight volumes. The library consisted of 250 volumes, including the twelve volumes of the *Everyman Encyclopædia*. The report not only proves beyond doubt that this Association in providing libraries for seafarers is trying to fill a genuine and even a greedy demand for books where little demand might have been expected, but it suggests that there must be a vast public which would consume good literature if only it were made easily accessible. But the economies proposed to Education by Sir Eric Geddes's Axe may relieve publishers of the anxiety of filling the latter demand.

* * *

WE would draw attention to an original little book for children, delightfully illustrated, called "The Disobedient Kids," a collection of Czecho-Slovak fairy-tales, by Božena Němcová, published in Prague, but interpreted into English and to be obtained from Philip Allan & Co.

* * *

MR. R. COBDEN-SANDERSON announces "Cosmic Vision," by Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, "an attempt to define a point of view whence the life of man may be seen and lived in harmony with a scientific vision of the universe without the assistance of any of the accepted religions." Incidentally, this book will give an account of the foundation and purpose of the Doves Press and Bindery. Through the same publisher that promising young poet Mr. W. Force Stead is issuing another volume of verse, "The Street Miracle, and other Poems."

* * *

HIS friends for years have been urging Mr. James Bone to write a book about London. But he has always replied to that charge with something amusing, inconsequential, and evasive. Clearly, this meant either that he was doing one, or that he knew he ought to do one. The ignorance of Cockneys concerning the streets they inhabit is a sparkling source of pleasure to Mr. Bone, of the "Manchester Guardian." And he has, as we know, written the best book there is on Edinburgh. Well, he has done his London book, and his brother, Muirhead Bone, has illustrated it. There is no more to be said.

* * *

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces for immediate publication "Lord Byron's Correspondence," chiefly with Lady Melbourne, Mr. Hobhouse, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, and Shelley; and also the "Papers and Correspondence of John Addington Symonds," edited by Horatio F. Brown.

* * *

MISS KATHERINE MANSFIELD's new volume of short stories, "The Garden Party," is one of Messrs. Constable's most interesting spring announcements. The same publishers promise with it Mr. Middleton Murry's novel, "The Things We Are."

The Drama.

"THE CHANCES."

FLETCHER's comedy "The Chances," as patched up by the Duke of Buckingham after the Restoration, is worth the couple of performances the Phoenix gave of it last Sunday and Monday, but it is scarcely worth more. If we were not at the moment so barren of frivolous comedy-writers with any talent it would probably make even less impression on us than it actually does. It is a merry, lusty piece of nonsense, full of coarse talk and jesting which is not convenient, but revealing no deep or cynical corruption. It uses up and reshapes with thrift and deftness those classic tricks of comedy based on the runaway mistress, the abducted infant, the confusion of names, and the interchange of apparel, which have served their turn from the days of *Plautus* and *Terence*. Is there anything more to be said about it? Well, it is perhaps worth remarking, as we did in these columns when Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode" was revived, what good, healthy fellows the rakes of some of these Restoration comedies really are. Don John and Don



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Frederick, the two "Spanish" gentlemen and comrades, who have never set foot on other than English sward and cobblestone, are reckless enough young sparks whose amorous misdemeanors are innumerable. Yet they never do anything mean or treacherous; they are ready to spill their blood as gallantly on behalf of their trulls as knights could for their Dulcineas; they never forget the duties of friendship and loyalty. One has really quite a little glow of chauvinism when one compares them mentally to the "heroes" of similar intrigues in the drama of some other countries.

The acting in the Phoenix revival was strongest on the distaff side. The chief hit, no doubt, was Miss Margaret Yarde's as the blowsy, pompous old sinner who brings up her daughter to her own unnameable trade in the underworld of Naples. She made a rich grotesque of the character, but she had, of course, excellent material to work upon. When we come to her girl, Constantia, we are not so sure that but for Miss Muriel Pratt the part might not have been colorless. As it was, this delicious *gamine*, so candid in her vice, so unspoiled in her iniquities, was as deliciously played as could be desired. And we are left wondering why we do not see a comedienne so full of dainty imagination as is Miss Pratt more often in London in rôles that give her scope. There is a second Constantia in the play—for the sake of false identifications, and to provide the lilies and languor in relief to the other's rosy raptures—and though she is but a pale figure, she enabled Miss Isabel Jeans to show how very graciously she is endowed for romantic and clinging heroines. When she had nothing else to do, it was pleasant even to see her move, and she spoke the prologue charmingly.

Among the men, Don John, who stands out most, was played by Mr. Edmund Willard with a virility and a dry humor that were very engaging. It was easy to understand why Constantia (the naughty one) was so entranced with him. Mr. Bruce Winston had the luck to be cast for the only male character in the piece that has traces of individuality, the rampagious, "old, stout gentleman," Antonio, ever drabbing, and duelling, and kicking the Doctor downstairs, a kind of shadowy Neapolitan Falstaff with a touch of Pulcinella. Mr. Winston got everything out of the part that energy could, but energy alone does not make a finished performance. Mr. Felix Aylmer, as the rather namby-pamby ducal hero—Constantia (the virtuous) will surely need a stronger protector!—seemed less at home in a sumptuous Heslewood costume than he usually is in modern dress, but his style was as polished as ever. On the whole, then, the Phoenix by this revival provided tit-bits for a *gourmet*, if there was nothing that could be called a dramatic banquet.

D. L. M.

Music.

THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

WHEN Busoni returned from Switzerland to take up his residence in Berlin once more, in the autumn of 1920, he was invited to take a class for advanced composition at the Hochschule für Musik. The Hochschule had undergone considerable changes since the days before the war. A revolutionary Ministry had appointed Franz Schreker as its director, and this appointment of an Austrian composer of successful operas, totally unknown, and not altogether sympathetic to the old traditions of Berlin music, caused in many quarters a certain anxiety. Yet more anxiety was caused by the supplementary appointment of an Italian to teach young Germany how to write. For Busoni, in spite of his increasing following in Berlin, remains always an Italian, and to Germans a foreigner as regards their national art. It is only natural that in a country like Germany there should be various parties in music, and in Berlin itself the divergence of groups and the self-centredness of leaders are very striking to a visitor from a country

where music is at such a low ebb that musicians can afford to be friendly one with another. The chosen representative of the extreme nationalist school is Hans Pfitzner, about whom I hope to write later. He also has been offered a class at the Hochschule, but I am informed that whereas thirty students applied at once for admission to Busoni's class, Pfitzner, like some of the most eminent professors at Oxford and Cambridge, lectures to an audience of one. Schreker also teaches composition. The style and character of his own work would not suggest that academic teaching is congenial to him, but he is undoubtedly very much interested in his pupils, and they appreciate his breadth of outlook and freedom from pedantry.

Busoni did not begin work at the Hochschule until the summer of last year. Of the thirty applicants not more than five or six have been accepted; with these he has worked steadily. Once a week they come to him together for criticism and discussion, and it says much for the value of his teaching that neither he nor they have ever missed a lesson. A few days ago I was invited to hear the result of their labors. We met one evening at Busoni's house. Five pupils were present; a railway strike unfortunately prevented the arrival of the only one who was a born German. The rest were of various nationalities—Swiss, Russian, Hungarian, and Czechoslovak. Few guests had been invited; I joined two brother Beckmessers of the Berlin Press on a low seat that ran along one end of the music-room just under a huge and chaotic canvas of Boccioni. We faced a pleasanter scene, composed on more academic lines. Two pianofortes stood side by side across the middle of the room; behind them were the young men, grouped about a sort of raised throne that filled one corner. Near the tail of the pianoforte on our left our hostess kept the ladies quiet; one only, more devoted than the rest, crouched half-kneeling on a low stool at the feet of the master, who sat by himself behind the pianists, but more in the foreground, so as to be in touch both with them and with us. From a bracket above the pianofortes, a huge golden Buddha looked down upon the group with a benign and enigmatic smile.

It would be out of place here to criticize in detail the individual works performed. The first item was a movement from a symphony played as a duet for two pianofortes; there followed some fugues on a subject set by Busoni, and an elaborate arrangement of a chorale. It was clear that the pupils were very much under the influence of their teacher; only one, a Russian, was markedly refractory to it. That the fugues and chorale-arrangement should recall Busoni's own style was only natural. They were academic exercises, but academic exercises on the grand scale. The symphonic movement showed the same tendency. But all these fugual styles were in a style far removed from conventional scholasticism. The models which these students had had placed before them must have been such fugues as those of the Chromatic Fantasia, of the late Beethoven Sonatas, and of Busoni's own works. It was a thoroughly modern aspect of fugue that they presented, with no trace of traditional archaism. How far these young composers had succeeded in impressing their own personalities on the form it was impossible for me to judge. But considering the work exhibited merely as academic study, there could be no doubt as to the wonderful ability which they showed. It was not mere technical facility, but real intellectual ability, real constructive and reasoning power. The Russian work presented a strange contrast. It was a short piece more or less in the manner of Schönberg and Scriabin, a transcript of emotions, resolutely anti-intellectual. Yet even there I seemed to detect the influence which pervaded the whole atmosphere of the evening. The passionate waywardness of the composition was tempered in performance by a certain tranquillity and dignity of execution. All the performers were extremely capable pianists; the composer who cannot play is a rarity in Germany. German music has to some extent suffered from the over-professional attitude of its makers. Composition in the contemporary style has become too easy a matter, and facility of execution has led to over-production. There is something to be said for that English type of musician to whom

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composition is the concentration of the will and intellect upon refractory material. But Busoni's pupils showed no signs of being *virtuoso* pianists; there was no trace of that caricature of the Busoni style which has sometimes amused those who listen to his pianoforte-pupils. What was most striking about this group of young composers was the calm and philosophic dignity with which they played. They handled the instruments with gentleness and distinction; the same qualities came out in the music itself. I was struck too by the sense of friendliness which they showed. It spoke well for the teacher that his pupils should be interested in each other's work, that they should be willing to study and practise the music of their fellow-students. It recalled to me at once the mental and moral atmosphere of the Schola Cantorum at Paris, an atmosphere which can only be created by a sincere and high-minded personality such as that of Vincent d'Indy.

The influence exerted by Busoni on his pupils was balanced by that of the pupils upon him. After the music had been played through we settled down to talk and discussion. Busoni, always an interesting talker, was here at his best, ready to discuss and argue, and to listen to argument. The German theatre has often put on the stage a caricature of a *virtuoso*, adored by a swarm of foolish women and apparently rejoicing in their adoration. There are many prominent musicians of whom one hears it said with regret that they allow themselves to be surrounded by a society intellectually unworthy of them. Such a thing could never be said of this group of young men. It was evident that their master was proud of his class, but with a humble pride and a sincere and affectionate respect for their industry and devotion.

After hearing music of all kinds in Berlin, and conversing with musicians and critics of many different tendencies, I still feel that that evening bore the seeds of the best hopes for the future of music in Germany. German critics of the extreme nationalist school have attacked Busoni for the Latin spirit of his music, but the history of music shows us that the Latin spirit has been the fertilizing power of the best music in all countries. There is hardly a great musician to be named outside Italy who has not at some time in his life, generally at the most susceptible age, come under the spell of Italy and carried the remembrance of it to his grave. The world is apt to judge a country by its average inhabitants. The man of genius is not one of the average, but he is none the less characteristic, it may be more characteristic, of his race. Italy has often treated music more as a mistress than as a saint; Italian composers have squandered their gifts with reckless and contemptuous profusion. From time to time Germany has picked up the seeds and carefully tended them. The music that has been accepted as in the best sense classical has, in almost all cases, been the joint product of Italian and Northern influences. In Italy Busoni may come one day to be regarded as a national hero, but at present he is little appreciated there as a composer. To Germany he brings clarity, reason, and architectural imagination. "We have got to build up classicism again," he said, as I took my leave.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Science.

RELATIVITY WITHOUT MATHEMATICS.

A SURVEY of the different attempts that have been made to popularize Einstein's theory prompts some interesting reflections, in view of the fact that no scientific theory which has aroused general interest has ever before proved so intractable to popular exposition. The reason for this is to be found in the nature of the entities with which Einstein concerns himself. The purely mathematical formulation of the theory is not more difficult to follow than many other pieces of mathematical reasoning; the difficulty resides in the fundamental concepts. To understand Einstein we have to approach things differently;

the habitual assumptions from which we start any physical investigation have to be abandoned. Most expositors of the theory have been hindered by trying to do too much; they have tried to present both the problem Einstein set himself and his method of solving it, and they have not always realized that it is precisely in trying to understand the nature of the problem that the ordinary man is most perplexed. Einstein's problem, in fact, has no existence on the basis of our ordinary assumptions. In order merely to know what he is trying to do we have to look at the world with innocent eyes. For it must be remembered that our habitual assumptions regarding space, time, matter, are the result of long and subtle thinking over of experience. To understand Einstein we must abandon these hardly won triumphs of the mind, and go back to a primitive innocence. With Einstein, of course, this innocence was acquired as a result of extreme sophistication. But may we not, perhaps, be able to adopt his point of view without going through his process? He has shown us that the end of sophistication is innocence. May we not begin where he left off?

It is in this way that Mr. Dingle* has tried to make Einstein's problem accessible to us, and we think he has been remarkably successful. He starts with the "event." This is the name given by Professor Whitehead to what we directly perceive. To quote the illustration given by Mr. Dingle, a wasp settling on a flower is one event, a wasp settling on one's hand is another event. Now suppose we try to relate these two events. We construct the notion of material objects, the wasp, the flower, the hand, in order to express certain characteristics of these events; we also construct a spatial relation—the flower is *there*, the hand *here*, and, supposing our hand to be stung by the wasp, we say that event happened *after* the wasp settled on our hand—we construct a temporal relation. The point is that the primary entity is the event. It is in order to relate events in some satisfactory way that we construct matter, space, and time. It is in winning back this primeval innocence, in seeing nature as composed of events not yet differentiated into matter, space, and time, that the revolution effected by Einstein consists. For the result of Einstein's work is to blend matter, space, and time into their primeval unity. Much is gained thereby. For instance, the erection of those derived concepts, matter, space, and time, into fundamental entities which could not be disturbed, meant that "forces" had to be invented when phenomena came to be more closely observed. Matter, space, and time by themselves were incompetent to furnish all the relations between events; "electricity," again, was found to be a necessary additional concept. And so the world became steadily more complicated. But if we regard matter, space, and time as derived concepts, and therefore as subject to revision, we may be able, by making suitable modifications in these entities, to dispense with "force," "electricity," and the like. This is precisely what Einstein and his followers have succeeded in doing. By a modification of our spatial and temporal conceptions, for instance, Einstein was enabled to dispense with the "force" of gravitation, and, further, observed phenomena which could not be explained by that force were shown to be necessary consequences of the space-time modification.

There is another point. Since space, time, matter, are derived concepts, constructed to explain the relations between events, are we to suppose that all observers will construct them in the same way? It can be shown that they will not, that the space-time relations between events, for instance, depend upon the motion of the observer. The reason why we all suppose ourselves to be using the same space-time relations, to be talking about the same space and time, is because our relative velocities are very small. When we travel at sixty miles an hour in a train we are, as a matter of fact, using a different space and time from the space and time we adopted on the platform. But the difference is exceedingly minute. At velocities approaching the velocity of light, however, the difference becomes very great. Now a law of nature ought to be independent of the peculiari-

* "Relativity for All." By Herbert Dingle. (Methuen. 2s.)

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JOHNSONIAN GLEANINGS, by Aleyn Lyell Reade. Part III, "THE DOCTOR'S BOYHOOD," will be issued at 21/- (to subscribers only) in March. The author's previous Johnsonian work has been mostly foundational: this part marks the beginning of a biographical superstructure intended to be without precedent in English literature for its scope and the precise and exhaustive character of its research. Prospectus from Treleaven House, Blundellsands, nr. Liverpool.

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ties of the observer; it ought to be expressed in a form which is valid for all observers. It ought to be independent, therefore, of the space-time framework adopted by any particular observer. This also Einstein has been able to do. He has expressed the fundamental laws of nature in such a way that the expression is valid for any observer, whatever his state of motion, and, consequently, his space-time framework. The laws of nature we have constructed up till now are valid only for our particular aspect of nature, and that aspect is only one of a possible infinite number. The relations that Einstein expresses are invariant relations; they do not depend on our manner of splitting up the reality into space, time, and matter. He has transcended the limitations of the particular observer, and in doing so he has shown us how much of the world we ourselves have created. His equations concern the underlying reality, the reality which is the same for all.

This last sentence may induce us to believe that Einstein's theory takes us into the domain of the philosopher. Einstein himself does not agree that there is anything metaphysical about his theory. His theory is the result of experiment, and he is talking all the time, he insists, of objective realities. When he speaks of space and time, he is speaking of entities which may be determined by measuring rods and clocks. His theory of space and time is a theory of the behavior of measuring rods and clocks. If there is also a philosophical space and time, whose properties cannot be determined by scientific experiment, he is content to leave that space and time to the philosophers. The absolute and invariable space, time, and matter which have hitherto been accepted are, he would agree, metaphysical figments. Einstein is concerned with what may be observed. His task, as he conceives it, has been to restore to us an unsophisticated vision of the world, and to show us how much simpler it is than the complicated structure we have built up on the basis of ingenious but unwarranted assumptions. For the manner in which he enables us to grasp this essential characteristic of Relativity theory, Mr. Dingle must be commended as having produced one of the best popular expositions that have yet appeared.

S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 4. Royal Institution, 3.—"Humorists of the Seventeenth Century: I. Sir Thomas Browne," Dr. E. de Selincourt.
Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 5.—Lecture by Baron Gonsuka Hayashi.
- Sun. 5. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Rationalist Movements in Eastern Religions," Dr. W. McGovern.
- Mon. 6. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.
University College, 5.15.—"The University of London: its History and Future Possibilities," Lecture I., Sir Gregory Foster.
King's College, 5.30.—"Recent Developments in German Education," Lecture III., Dr. J. Steppat.
King's College, 5.30.—"Serbia and Bosnia under the Turks," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.
University College, 5.30.—"Modern Book-Illustration," Mr. Donald Macbeth.
Aristotelian Society, 8.—"Standards and Principles in Art," Mr. A. H. Hannay.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Inks," Lecture III., Mr. C. Ainsworth Mitchell. (Cantor Lecture.)
Royal Geographical Society, 8.30.—"Byways in Hunza and Chitral," Brig.-Gen. G. K. Cockerill.
- Tues. 7. Royal Institution, 3.—"Variable Stars: II. Long-Period Variables," Dr. H. H. Turner.
King's College, 5.30.—"Catherine the Great," Sir Bernard Pares.
University College, 5.30.—"Late Danish Romanticism," Lecture I., Mr. J. H. Helweg.
Zoological Society, 5.30.—"Some Deductions from a Set of Cuckoo's Eggs taken near Cambridge," Mr. A. H. Evans, and other Papers.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—"Hydro-Electric Installations of the Barcelona Traction Company," Dr. H. F. Parshall.
- Wed. 8. Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"The Role of the Three Types of Tubercle Bacilli," Dr. L. Cobbett.

- Wed. 8. King's College, 5.15.—"English Philosophy in the Eighteenth Century," Canon V. F. Storr.
University College, 5.30.—"Ibsen's Younger Contemporaries," Lecture I., Mr. Ola Raknes.
Elizabethan Literary Society (King's College), 7.—"Language and Versification of Middleton, Webster, and Tourneur," Mr. T. S. Eliot.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Some Solved and Unsolved Problems in Gasworks Chemistry," Mr. E. V. Evans.
- Thurs. 9. Royal Institution, 3.—"Droughts and Floods," Lecture II., Sir Napier Shaw.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Atomic Process in Ferromagnetic Induction," Sir J. A. Ewing; and other Papers.
University College, 5.15.—"Welsh and Irish Tribal Customs," Lecture I., Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.
King's College, 5.30.—"Nereids in Roumanian Folk-lore," Lecture I., Mr. Marcu Beza.
University College, 5.30.—"Some English Influences on Italian Literature," Prof. A. Cippico.
University College, 5.30.—"Anglo-Swedish Literary Relations," Lecture I., Mr. I. Björkham.
Institut Français (Cromwell Gardens, S.W.7), 9.—"La Savoie," M. Henry Bordeaux.
- Fri. 10. King's College, 5.30.—"Desiderio, Mino da Fiesole, and Verrocchio," Prof. P. Dearmer.
King's College, 5.30.—"Six Great Classical Writers of Russia," Lecture I., Mr. R. Smith.
University College, 5.30.—"The Position of Women, as compared with Men, under the Law of England," Dr. A. Underhill.
Workers' Educational Association (Deptford Town Hall), 8.—"Reading as One of the Arts," Mr. F. L. Mitchell.
Royal Institution, 9.—"The Teeth of the Nation," Dr. W. D. Halliburton.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

LITERATURE.

- Billoyet (Pierre). *Les Grands Hommes en Liberté*. Paris, Bibliothèque des Marges, 3fr.
Buber (Martin). *Der grosse Maggid und seine Nachfolge*. Frankfurt-am-Main, Rütten & Loening, 40m. and 55m.
Wisconsin University Studies. *Modern Thought in the German Lyric Poets from Goethe to Dehmel*. By Friedrich Bruns. \$1.—The Misinterpretation of Locke as a Formalist in Educational Philosophy. By Vivian Trow Thayer. 50c. Madison, Wis., the University.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Australian Poetry Annual, 1921. Melbourne, Literary Club.
Everson (Norman A.) and Sandwith (Francis). *Cella: Dramatic Poem in Three Acts*. Selwyn & Blount, 2/6.
Hail (E. Vine). *In Full Flight*. Denny, 147, Strand, 3/6.
Howard (Sir Robert). *The Committee: Comedy*. Ed. by Carryl N. Thurber. Illinois the University.
Patel (Jehangir Rustomji). *The World War*. Part I. E. Macdonald, 5/-.

FICTION.

- Borgese (G. A.). *Rubbé*. Milan, Treves.
Calthrop (Dion Clayton). *Tremendous Adventures*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
Chamberlain (George Agnew). *Cobweb*. Mills & Boon, 7/6.
Cullum (Ridgwell). *The Man in the Twilight*. Palmer, 7/6.
Dunur (Luis). *A Paris (Nach Paris)*. Tr. by J. A. Luengo. Valencia, Prometeo, 4ptas.
Fish (Elsie). *The Education of Alice*. Werner Laurie, 7/6.
Frankau (Gilbert). *The Love-Story of Allette Brunton*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
Haggard (Sir H. Rider). *The Virgin of the Sun*. Cassell, 7/6.
Oppenheim (E. Phillips). *The Profiteers*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
Stanton (Coralie) and Hosken (Heath). *The May-Fly*. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
Stevenson (George). *A Soul's Comedy*. Lane, 7/6.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Halder (Sukumar). *A Mid-Victorian Hindu: a Sketch of the Life of Rakhal Das Halder*. Ranchi, Bengal, S. Halder, Samlong Farm, 2rup. 8an.
Parker (William B.), ed. *Argentines of To-day*. 2 vols. II. Hispanic Society, 67, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1, 30/-.
Robinson (Corinne Roosevelt). *My Brother Theodore Roosevelt*. II. Scribner, 15/-.
Wilson (Violet A.). *Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour and Ladies of the Privy Chamber*. II. Lane, 15/-.

HISTORY.

- Edmundson (George). *History of Holland (Cambridge Historical Series)*. Cambridge Univ. Press, 22/6.
Gilliat-Smith (Ernest). *Some Notes, Historical and Otherwise, concerning the Sacred Constantinian Order*. Dent, 1/6.
*Tout (T. F.). *France and England: their Relations in the Middle Ages and Now*. Longmans, 7/6.
*Ure (P. N.). *The Origin of Tyranny*. II. Cambridge Univ. Press, 35/-.
Williamson (James A.). *A Short History of British Expansion*. Macmillan, 25/-.
- WAR.**
Boyle (Capt. R. C.). *A Record of the West Somerset Yeomanry, 1914-19*. Foreword by Brig.-Gen. R. Hoare. II. St. Catherine Press, 5/- and 10/6.
Matthews (E. C.). *With the Cornwall Territorials on the Western Front*. II. Cambridge, Spalding, 43, Sidney St., 25/-.
*Poincaré (Raymond). *The Origins of the War*. Cassell, 12/-.

LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders of the London Joint City and Midland Bank Limited was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C. 4, on Friday, January 27th, 1922.

The Right Hon. R. McKenna (Chairman), who presided, said:

In accordance with a custom of many years' standing I propose before I tell the story of our own Bank to make some observations on general trade and economic conditions. The business of this Bank covers so wide a field that all considerations affecting the industry of the country as a whole are of the greatest importance to us, and I am sure you will agree that it is not out of place in surveying our year's work to extend our view beyond our Bank to the general conditions of our trade and employment.

INFLATION AND DEFLATION—A RETROSPECT.

Two years ago, when we were suffering the discomfort of a rapid rise in the cost of living, it seemed appropriate at our Annual Meeting to take high prices as the subject of my Address. I ventured at that time upon a word of warning. Although the high prices were due to the monetary and credit inflation consequent upon the immense borrowing by the Government during the War, I endeavoured to show that any attempt to drive prices down by a policy of forced deflation would lead to grave trade depression and wide-spread unemployment.

Last year when I addressed you, a policy of deflation had been publicly announced and steadily pursued for a considerable period. I discussed on that occasion inflation and deflation in detail, and outlined as far as I could the monetary, trade and social conditions which arise in either case. We have recently learnt the evil consequences of deflation in the school of experience and this policy has for the time being fallen into disrepute. But unfortunately the lesson has had the effect of turning a considerable body of opinion back in favour of inflation, and we seem now to have in prospect a regular alternation between the two policies, each to be adopted in turn as a remedy for the other. The danger of this proceeding is my apology for touching upon the subject again before I turn to the other matters upon which I wish to address you.

NEED FOR STABILITY OF PRICES.

The danger is a real one because of the force of the appeal which either policy can make to different sections of the public. The trading community require the assistance of the banks and are very much alive to all the arguments against dear money and restriction of credit, which are the accepted marks of a deflationary policy. They know that falling prices, the objective of this policy, mean loss of profit, trade depression and unemployment, and, convinced that deflation is bad, they are apt to think that inflation, the opposite of deflation, must be good. On the other hand consumers suffer acutely under the pressure of high prices and, if not traders themselves, readily assimilate all the undeniable arguments against inflation. For them deflation, the opposite of inflation, is necessarily good. The truth is of course that both are bad. What is needed is stability, the point from which both alike proceed in opposite directions. When we have stability of prices we have a basis upon which trade can be carried on with confidence. Manufacturers, merchants, and retailers, are then able to make their contracts with reasonable assurance that the debts created under the contracts will be paid when due in a currency of the same purchasing value as it had when the obligations were assumed.

The evil of inflation is that it raises prices; the evil of deflation is that it causes unemployment. High prices in any country are marked by a low rate in foreign exchange, and the currencies are most depreciated where inflation has been most rampant. On the other hand the highest percentage of unemployment is found in the two countries in which a policy of deflation was recently pursued. There is a higher proportion of unemployment in the United Kingdom and the United States than anywhere else, although these two countries have the greatest wealth and the largest volume of foreign trade. The world offers at the present time the clearest examples of the evils of both inflation and deflation. In Russia we see the complete industrial and commercial collapse in which the inflationary process finally ends; while in this country part at least of the trade depression and unemployment, and much of the budgetary difficulty which we see ahead of us, are attributable to the policy of deflation.

CAUSES OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

The overwhelming gravity of the problem of unemployment with which we are confronted at the present time has led me to choose it as the central theme of my Address to you to-day. In considering its causes it is natural for a banker to have his attention more immediately directed to the effects of financial policy, but we should be taking a very partial view of the subject if we failed to give due weight to the other influences which have their share in creating the unparalleled amount of unemployment that we have now in this country. We depend so greatly upon foreign trade that external conditions are a factor of first-rate importance; so also are our labour conditions, which in a large degree determine the cost of production; and so too, by its moral as well as its material influence, is the toll levied upon trade and commerce by taxation. It would be impossible within the limits of such an address as this to give more than a bare outline of each of these causes of unemployment, but in the short time at my disposal I will ask you to consider first the state of Europe, next our labour conditions, and lastly the burden of taxation.

ECONOMIC CONDITION OF EUROPE.

It would no doubt have been desirable that in the Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles we should have found as good a market for our products as we had before the War. But our responsible representatives, whose freedom of action was restricted by international considerations, could not have their attention solely directed to our trading requirements. The political necessities, which, regardless of economic needs, compelled the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and the creation of a group of new States without any tradition of organised government, must have been very powerful and may still be too powerful to permit a modification of the present settlement. If the economic needs of Europe were the primary consideration in international policy our course would be tolerably clear. We should recognise at once that modern industrial and transport conditions have brought all countries into such close trading relationship as to make each an integral part of the trading world as a whole. One nation, and still more a large group of nations, cannot be broken up and impoverished so as to destroy its ability to function without throwing the entire machine out of gear. If Russia fails to buy tea in China or India, our Eastern market for cottons is narrowed, the United States sells less raw cotton to us, and our shipping, banking and insurance business is impaired. Illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely, showing how the trade of each country is linked up with that of the whole world. Our own trade cannot recover its pre-war activity whilst so many countries continue in their present broken-down condition, and though our plans to foster our export trade by the grant of special credit facilities may be a temporary palliative, the only lasting solution of the problem is by the re-establishment of genuine peace and an ordered system of government throughout Europe.

GERMAN REPARATIONS.

An essential preliminary of the restoration of Europe is to settle the terms of the German indemnity upon a sound economic basis. While we recognise that political and international considerations could not have been disregarded in settling the amount and form of the demand upon Germany, the subject is one which admits of being treated from a purely economic point of view.

When the German indemnity was first discussed the public expected a huge money contribution by Germany which was to go a long way towards paying for the War. A total figure of £20,000 millions was talked of, our share of which, about £4,000 millions, was to be used to pay off a large part of the National Debt. At a later date the original estimates of Germany's capacity was considerably modified, but even the reduced figures of the Ultimatum of London point to the conclusion that there was no clear idea of the manner in which alone international debts can be paid.

When one nation owes money to another, it is obvious that the debt cannot be discharged by payment in the money or currency of the debtor country except in so far as this consists of gold coin. If the creditor were willing to accept paper, I have no doubt that the printing press would very soon prove equal to meeting any nominal liability. Payment in gold, though possible to a small extent, may be left out of account, as the amount available is insignificant in relation to the amount of the debt. When then Germany is required to pay large sums periodically to the Reparation Commission, what is really meant is that Germany must export during each period

saleable commodities which have a total selling value equal to the liabilities she has to meet.

If this were the whole problem, it would not present any great difficulty. The maximum annual payment Germany could be required to make under the terms of the London Ultimatum is about £400 millions, and there is no doubt that German industry is more than equal to an export of this value. But an industrial country cannot have a large export without receiving imports. Germany has to import a considerable proportion of her raw materials and a certain amount of food, and payment for those must be a first charge upon her exports. The utmost she can pay over to the Reparation Commission is her exportable surplus, and, considering the question only from the point of view of the amount Germany can pay, the problem becomes one of determining the extreme limit to which this surplus could be forced. What that limit may be I do not venture to say, but judging from the experience of the last six months I do not think that it could possibly be made sufficient to meet her liabilities for reparations under the Ultimatum of London.

EFFECTS OF A FORCED GERMAN EXPORT.

The more or less however of the German exportable surplus obtainable under external pressure is not the only point we have to bear in mind. We have to consider also the other effects of this pressure and how it reacts upon ourselves and our own trade. After all we exact reparations in order to gain some advantage for ourselves. If the form of the reparations and the means adopted to secure payment do us more harm than good we fail in our object. External pressure means forcing Germany to develop her export trade under penalty of invasion, blockade or such other punishment as the Allies may inflict. But Germany can only export in competition with her trade rivals whom she must undersell in the foreign market. To ensure cheap production she must pay less wages than other nations for an equal labour product, an object she can achieve by depreciating the mark in foreign exchange so as to keep its external below its internal value. So long as this difference in value exists, it affords a premium on German exports, and as the pressure upon her to pay reparations continues, she cannot avoid a progressive depreciation of her currency.

We have seen in recent months this process in action. We have seen how a compulsory depreciation of the mark has stimulated German exports, and as her manufacture competes directly with ours any increase in her trade must be largely at our expense. Perhaps we should not have suffered as much in normal times as we do now when effective foreign demand, owing to the closing of the Russian market and the general disorganisation of Europe, is very restricted; but in the actual condition of affairs German competition at prices far below what is possible for us is a serious blow to our foreign trade, and is one cause of the depression and wide-spread unemployment of the last twelve months.

The injurious effect of a forced German export is not felt by us alone; every market in the world is disturbed by the depreciation of the mark. In all countries capital has been invested, trade has been organised and millions of workers—I include employers and employed under this name—have found their daily occupation in meeting the requirements of foreign and domestic trade on a certain basis of demand and supply, a basis founded upon the normal capacity and growth of each nation. If now it is sought to force one country to make a gigantic export of goods which, if accomplished, would flood the markets of the world, the whole balance and adjustment of the foreign trade of every nation must be violently upset. Before Germany could meet her full liability, before she could develop her foreign trade to such a degree as to have an exportable surplus of £400 millions a year, the foreign trade of this country, her chief competitor, must dwindle into insignificance.

HOW GERMANY CAN PAY.

It will be asked, what then can Germany pay, without injury to us, towards making good the civil damage the Allies have suffered in the War? As to the annual amount, she can pay to the full extent of the export surplus her trade can give her without forcing the external value of the mark below its internal value. As to the form, she can pay in specified commodities, which in our case might include sugar, timber, potash and other materials which are indispensable to us but which we either do not produce at all or in insufficient quantities. She can pay also by the surrender of any foreign securities her nationals may possess, so far as they can be traced, and, if the Allies are willing to accept this form of payment, by the direct

employment of her labour in reconstructing devastated areas. In all that I am saying now I am speaking only from the economic point of view. It is not my province to enter into the sphere of political action. But I cannot help thinking that an agreement founded on a realisation of economic possibilities would be at once more advantageous to the trade interests of the world and more productive in reparations payment itself than successive ultimatums which in due course prove to be impossible of execution.

LABOUR AND RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT.

If we pass from the external influences upon our trade which at the present time are affecting us injuriously and turn to our labour conditions, I believe we shall find that here also mistaken economic ideas are at the root of much of our trouble. Every person in this room would, I have no doubt, regard it as the merest commonplace to say that all rules, or customs or practice which by restricting output cause more men to be employed than are necessary to do a given piece of work in a given time, must increase the cost of production and in the long run be harmful to trade. But we should make a mistake if we thought that this was an opinion generally held by workmen. Many workmen of course have as good an understanding of economics as anybody; and it is right to say that so far as I am aware there is no Trade Union regulation, with possibly one exception, which in so many words directly restricts output. But it is not open to doubt that such restriction is very common in practice. We know, for instance, how usual it is to prescribe a limit which individual output may not exceed, and it is quite customary upon the introduction of a new machine to insist upon more men being employed than the machine really requires.

Underlying this practice or custom is the praiseworthy purpose of preventing men being thrown out of employment. I believe a large part if not the majority of our workmen think that a restriction of output has this effect. In a country like ours in which trades are greatly sub-divided and every man is confined by habit and training to a particular section of work, the fear of unemployment is the bane of working-class life; and if the unwritten rules restricting output did in fact prevent unemployment, we could not hope to see them given up. But since they do not; since on the contrary the supposed remedy for unemployment is itself a powerful aggravation of the evil, what we need is to convince the workmen that their economic theory is false.

A FALLACY EXAMINED.

Let us examine for instance how a rule requiring more men to operate a machine than are needed works in practice. I will take a case in which the actual number required to handle the machine is only two, but the rule requires that three men should be engaged on it. The framers of the rule believe they have achieved their object: they have found employment for an additional man. But is this really so? There is still only work for two men. The third man is paid, but in a true sense there is no work for him. We have yet to examine the question of who it is that pays this unnecessary third man, and to see the effect of this payment upon employment generally.

At first sight the answer to this question is obvious. The third man's wages are paid by the employer. But like so many obvious answers to economic questions, this, though superficially true, is fundamentally untrue. Let us look for a moment behind the apparent at the real facts of the case. The employer, we may suppose, is executing a contract. He based his tender on the cost of the materials, the total of wages, the overhead charges and the anticipated profit. In his estimate of wages cost he included the third man whom he would have to pay for doing nothing, and his tender was increased accordingly. The wages of the third man were not paid out of the employer's profits but were a charge upon the cost of production and raised the price of the goods he had to deliver.

EFFECTS OF RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT.

All restrictions of output raises the price of the article produced, and if the restriction operates over a wide enough field, it must increase the general cost of living and thereby reduce the real value of the wages received by all workmen. Combination amongst workmen to raise wages is very different from a combination to restrict output. In the former case the workmen seek to obtain for themselves as large a share as possible of the total earned by the joint efforts of capital and labour; in the latter they seek to increase the number of men amongst whom the workmen's total share is to be divided. They do not see that this is the effect of the restriction of output, because it does not show itself by a reduction in money wages. All that they see

is that more men are receiving wages, all of whom are paid at the same rate. They fail to observe that the wages will buy less; or, if they observe it, they attribute the rise in price to some cause other than the high labour cost.

But the evil consequences of a restriction of output do not end here. Let us go back to the case of three men being required on a machine which two could operate. The contractor, being obliged by this rule to add to his price, may lose the order to a foreign competitor. The whole of his men may then be thrown out of employment, and the very misfortune, which it was sought to avert in the case of a few men only, falls upon the whole body. That this happens we have only too good reason to know. The first effect of a restriction of output is a rise in the cost of living; the next effect is general unemployment. The greater sufferers are the workmen themselves. They share in the product of their labour as a whole, and, if they did but realise it, are most benefited when each individual member of their body works at his highest efficiency.

I am afraid you may think that I am labouring to prove an obvious conclusion, but I would remind you that we are all apt to turn aside from the narrow path of strict economics when our interests or our preconceived ideas seem to point another way. If we are surprised that elementary economics are sometimes disregarded by workmen we must not forget that they were no less ignored in dealing with German reparations. And when I turn now to the third cause I have mentioned of our bad trade and unemployment, excessive taxation, we shall find here also that economics are treated as of little account.

A NATION'S TAXABLE CAPACITY.

It would not be easy—I doubt if it would be possible—to define the limits of a nation's taxable capacity. Too much depends upon the human factor which varies so greatly in different people. One man will exert himself to the utmost though the tax collector should take from him 10s. in the £ of all he earns; another will be disheartened if he be mulcted of but 5s. in the £. We cannot doubt however that taking the nation through there is a limit beyond which if taxation continues so high as to give only a very small return for additional effort and for the risk of additional capital, it will become a matter of general occurrence that the effort will not be made and the capital will not be risked.

As wealth is created by human effort the greatest care should be taken not to dishearten those upon whose enterprise so much of the industrial progress of the country depends. Looked at from the point of view of national wealth and prosperity, in which we all have an interest, it is bad policy to deprive business men of the stimulus of a reasonable return for their labours. It may be difficult to determine in advance the exact maximum scale of taxation which could be imposed upon us without impairing in any marked degree the national spirit of business enterprise, but we cannot shut our eyes to the signs that our present taxation has probably exceeded this limit.

EVILS OF EXCESSIVE TAXATION.

But the question is not merely one of the discouragement of effort. We know that if business is to expand and prosper continuous additions must be made to the capital employed. A growing business—and at every period it is upon the growing business that the progress of the future depends—is one in which a large part of the profits each year are saved and put back into the concern. By this method the energetic and capable young man slowly acquires the additional capital he needs for development and brings himself to the front. If now the whole or a large part of his savings is absorbed each year in taxes, he is deprived of the means of enlarging his business. New plant cannot be acquired; additional stock cannot be bought; growth becomes impossible. The capital which the keen, active, enterprising man could use to the utmost advantage in developing trade is taken from him and spent unproductively on one of the manifold activities of the State. In such conditions business must become stagnant, and in this country, where the industrial organisation is contrived for expansion and a continually growing production, stagnation means failure.

Let us look at excessive taxation in another aspect. Everyone is agreed that taxation of the poor on such a scale as to deprive them of the means of obtaining the necessities of life is morally wrong. But it is not generally accepted that excessive taxation of the rich is economically wrong. Most rich men do not spend the whole of their income on their own consumption. Some part, and often a very considerable part, is saved, and these savings are lent as industrial and commercial capital. A high Super-tax in the case of the rich is largely a tax upon savings and

[Continued at foot of next Column.]

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the money taken by the State is withdrawn from productive use and spent upon consumption. In a healthy condition of a State no more should be raised in taxation than will leave an amount available for capital development sufficient to meet all the needs of business.

EXPENDITURE MUST BE REDUCED.

Our present scale of taxation then I believe to be so high as to undermine our national business energy and enterprise and to deprive us of indispensable capital. What is the remedy? There is only one, which we must face with all the determination and resolution at our command. We must reduce expenditure to the utmost limit consistent with our contractual obligations and the supply of indispensable services. If we do so now, we shall quickly recover our national earning power and with it will come the elasticity of revenue which we experienced during the second half of the last century. The ideal of economy, both in public and private affairs, is alluring and popular, but the practice is quite another matter. It is difficult, often hateful and certainly never popular. But to-day, looking at our decline in revenue, the state of our trade and the dangers which confront us, we have no choice. I have no hesitation in saying that, whatever the difficulties, the strictest economy in our national expenditure has become the first and most imperative necessity of our time.

The report was adopted and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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December 31st, 1921

Authorised Capital	- - - - -	£45,200,000
Subscribed Capital	- - - - -	38,117,103

LIABILITIES

Paid-up Capital	10,860,852
Reserve Fund	10,860,852
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	376,578,579
Acceptances and Engagements	19,848,322

ASSETS

Coin, Notes & Balances with Bank of England	59,989,012
Balances with, and Cheques in course of Collection on other Banks in the United Kingdom	12,802,707
Money at Call & Short Notice	11,651,497
Investments	56,758,808
Bills Discounted	72,118,034
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	176,779,261
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances & Engagements	19,848,322
Bank Premises	4,942,299
Shares of Belfast Banking Company Ltd. & The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,258,665

Copies of the Balance Sheet, audited by Messrs. Whinney, Smith & Whinney, Chartered Accountants may be obtained at any Branch of the Bank

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